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COME BACK.

BY M. S.

Come back to me! The world is full of night
A dreary, empty space
Stretches for ever, like a withering blight,
Between me and your face!
But day would dawn—and night's dark shadow flee,
Could I but hear you call—"Come back to me!"

Have I not borne, dear love, and suffered long
This life-consuming ache?
Have I not made atonement for all wrong
You've suffered for my sake?
I crave your pardon here on bended knee—
Will you not answer—"Love, come back to me!"

On all the anguish and the cruel pain
Of these long silent years;
On all past wrong of mine, or darling, rain
You sweet forgiving tears!
Grant me your soul's forgiveness full and free,
And crown it with the words—"Come back to me!"

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

BY W. B. W.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

"BUT you said you were her cousin," replied Barbara, smilingly. "And Miss Merton told me Sir Earnest Forbes had arrived."

"Logically argued, and with deductions that cannot be denied," said Sir Ernest, still looking amused at her evident perplexity. "And now, as you know me, it is but fair that the introduction should be reciprocal. Who are you, mademoiselle Cecilia, as I must call you till I know your real name? I did not know Pauline had a friend staying with her."

"I am not a friend," said Barbara, sadly, raising her eyes to his, with a look that spoke at once a proud candor, that would not for an instant permit such a delusion. "I am only the humble companion and attendant of your cousin."

The young man looked at her with some surprise, and his next words were spoken with far more respect and seriousness of manner.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "I did not mean to pain you; but I never doubted for a moment that you were some new friend of Pauline's, and I still hope and believe she would call you so. But still, that does not tell me by what name I may address you."

"Barbara Graham is my name," she replied. "And now, sir, may I fetch Miss. Forbes?"

Sir Ernest did not reply for a minute. His eyes were curiously scanning that face, which till now he had scarcely studied, in the increasing obscurity of the lonely apartment.

Barbara's heightened color, and the thoughtful, yet changing expression of her speaking eyes, had at that moment given a charm to her intellectual countenance that was more striking and attractive to an observer than mere beauty, and the young man became decidedly interested in his new acquaintance.

"No, I will not trouble you," he said. "I shall avail myself of my old privilege, and wait for my cousin here. Meanwhile, you will perhaps sing to me once more."

Barbara moved hurriedly from the instrument, with a frightened glance, that he partly understood.

"No; at least, I would rather not," she replied. "Please not to ask me, Sir Ernest."

"I will certainly not be so selfish as to purchase my own gratification at your expense," he said, gently, as he also moved from the spot, and seated himself on the chair usually occupied by Miss Morton, while Barbara crouched down in a seat near the window.

Sir Ernest seemed at a loss what to do or say next, and at last idly turned over the book on the table.

It was a volume of Tasso, which Barbara had taken from the school library, and forgotten to restore to its place before leaving the house on that memorable morning. He turned over its leaves, and a paper dropped from between them, which he picked up, and glanced at before replacing it. It was a translation of one of the stanzas, written in a clear, graceful hand, and he ran his eyes rapidly over it.

"Is this Pauline's?" he said with a look of pleased satisfaction.

Barbara did not reply till he repeated the question; then came a low-toned "No."

"Surely it cannot be yours?" he then said.

Barbara's eyes, rather than her lips, answered the question.

"The translation is very spirited and very faithful," he continued. "You must thoroughly understand the original. Do you speak Italian?"

"No, Sir Ernest, scarcely at all," she replied. "I can read it and write it a little; but I have scarcely ever spoken a single sentence."

"Then you must begin with me," said Sir Ernest. "I can see by those lines that you have a deeper knowledge of the language than is common with girls, or indeed with any English persons I am acquainted with. Do you understand any other language?"

"Yes, French, and a little German," she replied.

"And play and sing as you do!" he continued. "Why, you must have had first-rate instruction, and been very diligent."

Barbara looked up at him with a half-timid, half-gratified look which had a peculiar and dangerous charm for Sir Ernest; but ere she could reply, a light step, a joyous girlish voice was heard, and Pauline gaily bounded into the room, fresh from her evening toilette, and looking exceedingly lovely.

"Why, Ernest," she cried, starting at the unexpected appearance of her cousin, and scarcely noticing Barbara, "how in the name of impertinence and intrusion did you come here?"

"I came in the orthodox manner, by the sticks of locomotion which Providence has pleased to give me," he replied, gravely; "but if your question is femininely illogical and means 'why,' instead of 'how' I reply, that I came to this room as the most probable place for finding its tenant and mistress. Where should I look for the pupil except in the schoolroom?"

"Pray, Sir Ernest," retorted Pauline, pouting scornfully, "do you know that I shall be sixteen in ten days, and in another year fairly out, presented, with all the correct formula for a free and unfettered young lady?"

"Then be quiet and sober like a young lady of sixteen, within a year of coming out," he replied, with unmoved composure. "You looked so remarkably like a spoiled child, as you danced into the room, that I am to be excused for my mistake."

"Dance!" she repeated, laughingly obeying his commands, and sinking into a low ottoman with the unconscious gracefulness of a beautiful child. "Oh, you need not be surprised at any such vagaries of which I may be guilty. I danced the Mazourka along the corridor just now, in anticipation of the delightful evening we are to have on my birthday; a ball—a real, absolute ball, Ernest—only think of that!"

"You mean a child's party, of course," he said, teasingly! "no one above fourteen admitted, except near relations."

"Take care, or you shall be excluded altogether," she replied, holding up her finger; "I tell you it is to be a real splendid ball, with band, decorations, and flowers, and supper—a regular rehearsal on a small scale of my coming-out ball."

"And, like all full-dress rehearsals, will spoil the real performance to those who have witnessed it," said her cousin. "Take care, Lina, you'll spoil all by peeping if you don't mind."

"Nay, it is only a flash before daylight, to make people long for the dawn," she said laughingly; "but, Ernest, remember you are to open the ball with me. Can you dance well—dance all the fancy dances, I mean?"

"I plead guilty to most shameful ignorance," he replied.

"Why, what have you been doing all these years on the Continent, if you don't know how to dance every new Mazourka that has been devised for the last ten years?" she asked.

"I was too busy with more insignificant matters to aspire to such profundities," he replied, with mock gravity. "I confess that my education has been shamefully neglected."

"Then I will take pity on you, and give you a lesson," she said.

"Barbara, play that Mazourka for us. Come Ernest, make haste, or the dinner bell will ring. I am to dine downstairs to-day, in honor of you."

Barbara quietly obeyed, and began a spirited Mazourka, with a brilliancy and fulness of tone that at once diverted Ernest's attention from the object for which it was played.

"Come, Ernest, are you dreaming or idle?" said Pauline, impatiently, "You have certainly not learned politeness in your travels."

The young man coolly rose, without the slightest indication of hurry, and carelessly placed his arm round the fair waist which so many would have deemed it a privilege to touch.

Pauline was a graceful dancer, and it would have been imagined an impossibility to resist the inspiration of such music and such a partner.

"Really, Ernest, you are quite awkward" said she; "you dance so dreadfully out of time; and then that horrid back-step—I expect that you will tear my dress every moment."

"Suppose you were to inspect my blunders at a distance, my graceful cox?" said he, with a deprecatingness of manner. "If the musician would go through the figure with me you would see where I was wrong."

"Then who is to play?" asked Pauline. "I shall not most certainly—I hate playing. Barbara, where is Miss Merton? She must come and play, while you do as Sir Ernest wishes."

"But, Miss Forbes, you know I never learnt dancing," said Barbara.

"Nonsense! you are not going to exhibit," said Pauline. "So that you know the step and figure, it does not signify how you dance. Oh, here is Miss Merton. Now make haste. I want you to do it decently before the ball, Ernest."

Barbara knew there was no appeal, and timidly came towards her partner, while the governess took her place at the piano. As she said, Barbara had never learned to dance; but she had always been present at Pauline's lessons, and often acted as a partner for the young heiress in her hours of practice.

Her quick, correct ear, and the naturally free movement of her limbs, had given her a facility in acquiring the art, with these imperfect advantages, which few would have displayed under more immediate tuition. And, if Pauline was a more light and graceful, Barbara was, if the expression may be used, a more poetic dancer; and, as it appeared, one more capable of imparting the same gift to her companion.

Sir Ernest wonderfully recovered his powers; and, to Pauline's surprise, and perhaps annoyance, he displayed both spirit and grace in his performance with the humble orphan, which she had not been able to inspire.

For the first time Barbara felt the advantage of the support of a strong arm, and firm regular step, and moved round the room with an ease and precision which she had never yet felt so natural.

"Why, Ernest, you dance it right now!" exclaimed Pauline, after they had taken two or three rounds. "Were you only teasing me?" she added, rather angrily.

"No, certainly not," he replied, gravely. "It was pure nervousness, from knowing how much you excelled. I have more courage with——"

He ended the sentence by whirling Barbara again from the spot, scarcely venturing on the expression "Miss Graham," and, with instinctive delicacy, not choosing to give the poor girl any other appellation.

"You will dance with me the second dance, and as many more as we can manage," he whispered, as they flitted round the room.

"I?" she gasped, breathless with astonishment. "You don't suppose I shall be at the ball."

"You will," said he.

"It is impossible," she said; "the very idea seems absurd to me."

"Trust in me, and it will become sober sense and fact," said he. "Remember your promise," he added; and then stopping opposite Pauline, he released his partner, and sank down lazily in his old seat.

"Do I do credit to your teaching, fair cousin?" he said, with admirable simplicity. "I think I could soon become more civilized under your auspices."

"I don't understand you, Ernest," said the beautiful heiress, looking doubtfully at him, "and I give you fair warning, I shall not forgive any quizzing or mystification. I hate being teased and made ridiculous. I choose to tease every one, but no one shall tease me."

"A most regal and logical arrangement, and it only wants the consent of one other party to carry it out," said he.

"And who is that one?" she asked, pouttingly.

"Myself," he replied. "I am so wonderfully like you, that I have the same predilections, therefore we should understand each other the better. But there is the bell. Allow me to do one very intelligible and commonplace thing, and take you down to dinner."

Pauline took her cousin's offered arm, only half satisfied with his ambiguous manner.

Had her eyes detected the glance which he directed towards Barbara, the courteous bow, which was supposed to be intended for the governess rather than the insignificant dependant, Pauline's girlish feeling of wounded consequence might have been deepened into more painful and dangerous jealousy of the humble Barbara.

* * * * * * * *

It was the evening of the day that had proved so memorable to Barbara Graham.

The twilight had for some time departed, even from the tall spires that longest retain the rays of the declining sun; while in the more obscure and narrow lanes of the metropolis it was complete and deep darkness.

In the dimly-lighted streets no one could well be recognized as he hurried along, or lounged idly and helplessly, as if no place of refuge awaited his return.

It was a safe hour to be abroad for any who wished for concealment,—unsafe for the weak and the wealthy, in the labyrinths of Westminster, where in one of the tall, narrow houses a woman sat anxiously

watching for some expected arrival at that gloomy hour.

She was perhaps about forty years of age; but the worn, harassed look and shabby dress might have possibly added to her appearance some five years; and her face was no common face, albeit wan and sunken, and the tall, commanding figure had a certain dignity in its air, in spite of the humble, almost sordid garments she wore.

Her hair was luxuriant, and black as a raven; her eyes black, large, and still undimmed; her nose decidedly aquiline, which the extreme thinness of her cheeks made prominent and almost harsh in the outline.

But still the critic would have pronounced that those same masculine, strongly-marked features had once been softened into beauty by the full, round contour of the face, the more mellow tint of the olive skin, and the gentler influence of youth and happiness.

As she sat in that humble, scantily-furnished room, clad in that worn, wretched-looking gown and colorless shawl, there was yet something in the face, the carriage, the general appearance of the woman, that attracted attention, and spoke of no common origin or qualities, to any one capable of appreciating these signs of early habits and her present tone of mind and feelings.

Still, the sole attraction of the face was its singular strength and unmistakeable intelligence; not one particle of womanly softness, of gentle feelings, of touching sadness could be detected in its gloomy, hard expression.

The attention would be riveted by that countenance, but no gentler feeling could mingle with the involuntary homage which it would certainly command.

Long had that singular-looking woman sat quiet and motionless in the low chair which stood by the fireplace, in which the cheerful blaze of thick logs of wood gave the sole light to the apartment.

Her eyes were fixed unconsciously on the flickering flame, but her thoughts were far away in other lands, and other days; full of memories, and persons, and plans, and doubts, and speculations that had little tinge of softness, or pleasure, or love in their busy panorama—the stern, thoughtful expression of the face was an index to their character.

The chimes of the Westminster clock seemed to be the first break to her deep, long reverie.

She started, looked round the dark room, went to the window, and gazed out on the dimly lighted narrow street, and then, with an impatient contraction of her brow, she lighted a candle that stood on the shelf over the fireplace, and again sat down in her former position.

But the train of thought that had occupied her appeared to have been completely broken by the sound of the clock, or perhaps had been concluded ere that brief interruption occured, for she now became restless and uneasy, her eyes constantly turned to the door, and her foot moved impatiently at measured intervals in angry vexation at some unexpected delay.

"Fool!" she said; "wasting time over some idiotic nonsense as usual.

"Some wretched, hopeless girl, or a chance of his favorite indulgence, has detained him.

"Were it possible to do without him, I would not bear with it; but even a fool may be managed, though far harder to deal with than a villain.

"Oh, I could strangle that senseless laugh of his, and close for ever the leering, drunken eyes, were it not that he has yet sufficient sense left to know that he depends on me, and must be guided by me.

"But this delay is intolerable, and he shall suffer for it if he has not some reason to give for his insolence.

"That he should have one drop of the same blood in his veins is a degradation to me, even now," she added, with a proud, bitter smile, as her eyes glanced around the room, and then rested on her humble shabby attire.

"Poor wretch, poor wretch!" she murmured, as if in self pity. "Oh, if those that are gone could see me now, they would weep tears, tears of pity, or of blood!"

Again she rocked herself mechanically in the low chair, as if her thoughts had been diverted to a new channel by the idea that had presented itself to her mind.

At last the door of the house was heard to open, and a step came heavily and slowly up the stairs towards the landing on which the room opened.

The woman turned, but did not rise, or even move, as the low knock at her door was succeeded by the entrance of the man who had persecuted Barbara Graham a few hours before.

Indeed, she scarcely seemed to notice the man's entrance, save by a deep contraction of her brow, till he came towards her, and drew a chair to the other side of the fire.

"Well," said she, looking sternly at his sinister yet unmeaning face with a fixed gaze, that made him evidently quail under its keen scrutiny, "what has kept you, Jonas? Some new folly, I suppose, which you will some day rue, as the worst and last. It will not be trifled with much longer."

"I trifle with you, Lady Esther!" he said, with an attempt at a loving, patient glance, that only produced a senseless leer; "I trifle! why, I am your very servant, your trusty agent. On my honor 'tis too bad to abuse a man like that."

"Answer me, if you please," said Esther (if that was really her name), and with an air almost queenly in its command. "What has kept you for the last hour? Not my business, I'm certain."

"Wrong, quite wrong, Lady Esther," he replied. "I was busy in tracking out the scent you put me on, when, like a clever dog that I am, I lighted on another that may be quite as profitable as yours; and that took me some time, for I was obliged to wait till the person I was after came to anchor, before I could made up my mind that he was really the man.

"And after that I just took a pipe and a glass, at the place where I finished off and came to you as fast as the dark night would allow me. Are you satisfied now?"

"I don't trust you, Jonas, and you know it," said the woman. "What you are obliged or think it your interest to do, you'll perform—after a fashion, perhaps—but still you will do it; but you don't deceive me by all that, and my eyes are on you. So beware of any serious disregard of my wishes—my orders."

As she spoke, her eyes gleamed fiercely on the half-daunted half-indignant man before her.

"I don't want either to deceive you or be bullied by you," he said, sulkily. "It's not our way in England, whatever it is in your country, to growl, and snarl, and show one's teeth, just because a fellow takes an hour or so to his own business."

"I allow no business, no follies of yours, to hinder mine," she said loftily. "You are in my pay and my power, as you shall find out to your cost if you provoke me. Do you forget the journey from Naples to Rome?"

"I tell you what it is, Lady Esther," said the man, moving impatiently in his chair, "I'd as soon be hung and stung to death, and I've no mind for your taunts and storms any longer. I could settle you, and your business too, if I chose, and no one would be the wiser."

"Wretched fool that you are!" she laughed, scornfully; "do you think it in your power to murder or betray me? Were it not that I know you are too great a coward to attempt either, it might be worth while to show you my safeguards against both; but it's too contemptible to waste words or time on. Let me hear what you have discovered."

"No trace of her at present," replied the man, still speaking in a sullen, abrupt tone.

"Did you inquire at the house I told you of, where I know—I am positive—she was brought?"

"Inquire! yes of course," he replied; "but there's not a trace of any living creature that was there so many years ago, and it's like searching in the sea for a lost cable, to go on such a fool's errand as that."

"And that's all?" she said bitterly.

"No, not exactly," said he; "I saw a girl that looked so uncommonly like that picture of yours, that I stopped her in a civil sort of a way, and tried my best to bring her to port here, in case she may be any good to you, when up comes a high and mighty gentleman, who carries her off, after calling me a few polite names, and, using a few threats, that he would have cut his tongue out rather than use it he had known who I was, and what I could tell."

"You tell!" said the woman, and her accent spoke volumes of scorn.

"Yes, me," said the man; "I have some secrets as well as you, and I mean to keep them till they may be of some good. It's no use letting the bomb burst before the time. I'm not quite such a fool as you think, my lady."

"No trace!" repeated the woman, thinking of her own schemes. "It's impossible, Jonas. They can and must be discovered. I tell you she had in her keeping letters, proofs, money, jewels, ay, all that prove my rights, my sole resources, my only hopes, and she must be found."

"Had she nothing else?" said the man, with as near an approach to a sneer as he dared venture on, under that deep gaze.

"Perhaps," was the abrupt reply; "but that matters not. I tell you she was trustworthy, and did she know I was living, she would at once yield up what are my means of restoration to my rights, and of my giving to those that serve me even larger reward than I have now in my power. Man, you shall have more than enough to gratify your passions and avarice, even to your own destruction, if you will but fulfil my orders, as they can and shall be accomplished; if not, you know the alternative—ruin, a prison, perhaps death."

Her dark eyes burnt with an intense deep brightness as she spoke.

It was the glow of deep passion, not of healthful, joyous brilliancy; and it struck terror rather than admiration into the man, who gazed on her with a sort of miserable fascination.

At last he found courage to speak, though in an humble, suppressed tone, very different from his former half-jaunty, half-sneering manner.

"Now do be a little calm and reasonable, Lady Esther," said he, "and consider what you are demanding of me. Here's a woman who has been missing for the last twelve or fifteen years.

"You don't know what has then become of her since then, and she is most likely dead, and all that belongs to her or you may have been stolen or spent years since; and you declare, and vow, and threaten, as if I had only to take the train and go down to fetch her and did not choose to go. Now, is that like a sensible, clever woman like you? And is it not enough to send a man crazy, or make him turn rusty—I ask you that, my lady?"

The tone and look were deprecating and humble; and the exceeding excitement of that singular woman seemed to cool gradually into her usual sternness of manner.

"Perhaps you have some, a little, a very little reason in what you say," she replied, after a pause.

"I grant the task is difficult—that it needs time and patience; but it can and must be accomplished.

"You have cunning; you know well the traces and clues which are always left of the presence of such persons as those I have described to you, and who I know were living in Soho within the last ten years. I employed an agent to ascertain so much at least, though at that time I dared not appear further in the matter, and knew that even an inquiry about the woman and the child would be dangerous."

"Child!" repeated the man. "Then there was a child in the case? I might have sworn as much."

"Silence, fool!" exclaimed the exasperated woman. "If there is a child, what matters it to you, my paid agent—my servant?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, as far as aught I care about it," replied the man, coolly, "but a great deal as to my chance of finding out what you want to know; and still more does it increase the value of what you need, and what I am to discover for you. Hark ye, Lady Esther.

"We have known each other a long time in other countries, and I've a sort of regard for you, because you are a woman of courage, and have been a splendid creature in your day, which is always a great recommendation to me.

"Oh, don't blaze like a man-of-war, but hear me out.

"I know myself as well as you do, though it does not always suit me to say so. I've got my follies, like other men; and, what's more, I choose to have my little pleasures, and if you're a sensible woman you'll not make a noise about them, at all and cast up in my face that I'm not so young as I was, nor so handsome as either your brother, that you keep bottled up in the case there, or the proud swell that carried off my little craft.

"And, if you've got the right yarn by the end, I'm your man, under certain conditions that will draw it out for you; only mind, we must understand each other a little better before we go on in this business."

"Proceed," said the woman, compressing her lips till the blood was driven back to her throat, the veins of which swelled and became discolored by the force she put on herself.

"Well, then," continued the man, "you must give me a better notion of what you're driving at than you've yet stooped to do; you must treat me like a man that can do you a service, not like a dog that must be thrashed to turn a spit; and, lastly, you must swear to me that you will not betray me, provided I use all reasonable diligence to carry out your wishes."

"Have you done?" she asked, bitterly.

"Yes," he replied.

"And pray, what idiocy has seized on your wretched brain that you should dare to threaten, to make terms with me?" she said, bitterly.

"What is to hinder my giving you up to justice at once, or why should I not find another and more skilful agent to do my bidding? Fool! understand your own position and mine better before you dare to speak thus to me."

"Stop a minute, my lady," said the man, with unruffled coolness; "I can give you one or two good reasons why you would not and could not do what you say. First, you could not give me up to justice, as you call it, without bringing yourself into an unpleasant dilemma, by having to tell all about yourself in open court; and next, I don't think many fellows would be willing to take your word for the truth of your promises, as I do."

His eyes glanced round the room and over her dress, as he spoke; but the next moment he was endeavoring to calm the storm he had raised.

"Now don't look like thunder and lightning mixed," said he; "I don't mean that you're not a lady born, nor that you won't keep your word when the time comes, if it ever comes.

"But the point is not what I think but what you'd get other good folks to believe, who only see you as you are now. There, I knew you'd hear reason; you've too much sense not to see I'm in the right."

"Lady Esther," as he called her, had listened with a stern, rigid compression of features to this long explanation.

She appeared half bewildered by the unwonted tone that the man whom she had stigmatised as a weak, vain, self-indulgent idiot, had assumed.

Besides galling as were the truths he spoke, she saw and knew that they were truths, though expressed in the roughest and most mortifying way.

But there were memories and old associations and future hopes that made such a tone of equality even more insufferable than her companion could imagine.

It was a bitter struggle, an intolerable contest in her proud heart, before she could venture to speak, and her eyes were almost hidden under the lids, lest he should read in them the indignation, the boiling desire to cast back scorn and threatenings for the insults she had received, and bid the man obey her unquestioningly at his peril. Jonas, as she called him, coolly waited her leisure, and beat a tattoo with his foot on the rusted fender, with a suppressed satisfaction on his face, that said as plainly as words could have done, that he had faith in the old proverb, "Silence gives consent." At last she spoke in a hoarse, low tone.

"Let me understand you fully," she said; "then I can decide. Do you venture to propose that I should tell you my history—what is my object in seeking this person?—in short, put my whole secret in your power?"

"In exchange for mine?" said he. "Well that might not be so unfair, but you see I'm a great admirer of your sex, and I never drive a hard bargain with them. Now, if you're wise, you'll trust me entirely, because, you see, that would put me on my mettle, and on honor, too. But I don't make it a point to the bargain, only a sort of idea of what you're after, and what's wrong in your affairs, I must and will have, or I'll strike at once, and you can then do your worst."

The woman was perhaps not altogether unmoved by the unexpected firmness and show of reason in the man she had looked on as her tool.

In spite of his coarseness and affectation, she could discern for the first time a vein of manliness and of resolution that promised well for the service she demanded; and though the haughty spirit of an ancient race and of a proud and wilful nature boiled angrily in her veins, she buried it under the iron of a resolute will and the important interests she had at stake.

"I do not acknowledge any right on your part to ask any secrets," she said, coldly, "nor can I stoop to make a confidant of my agent whom I engage to perform my business; but as a matter of free concession to your fancied necessity, I will grant thus much—you shall know the general heads of my story, and then it will depend on yourself as to the way in which I feel it right to treat you.

"We are too dissimilar in all things for aught but mutual interest to keep even ordinary civility of intercourse between us."

"And the compact," he said, quickly—"what of that? Am I to receive your pledge to keep my little mistake at Villafranca inviolably secret?"

"So long as you serve me faithfully, I will, on my honor," she replied, proudly. "When I have cause to believe you treacherous or careless in my affairs, then no risk to myself shall prevent my bringing you to the punishment you deserve. That should content you."

"I'm a queer fellow, after all, and must have a touch of the gentleman in me to trust you, and believe in your past and your future too," he said, laughingly. "I don't believe there are many that would see the touch of old blood and high ways in you just now, or think you had any chance of getting back what you're born to. However, I'll take your word so far, and now for the story."

There was a veiled compliment in the man's rough speech that the lady (for that she certainly was) fully appreciated. Her hard features softened from their rigidity, and she drew her chair nearer to the one in which the man sat.

"I will tell you my tale in a few words," she said, "though I will never speak the names to you, nor any one, till I can publish them to the world.

"I was the daughter of a man of ancient family, and of sufficient but not ample fortune. But when I grew up to be brought out in the world, and my father's pride in my acknowledged beauty made him launch out into expenses which he could ill bear, then came, for the first time, real though secret embarrassment on his part, which preyed on his mind and body in the midst of the gaiety and splendid entertainment he gave on my account. At last I became engaged to a man of birth and fortune at least equal to my own, and of superior intellect to most with whom I was to mix. I loved him certainly; but he was so exacting, so sensitive, and so exalted in his notions, that I sometimes felt inclined to break off my engagement with him; but, whenever I hinted the very slightest wish of such a rupture to my father, he became so alarmingly excited that I really shrunk from paining him so terribly. I believe I loved that father better than any human being, and he idolized me as——But, what folly to talk thus to you," she suddenly broke off, with a smile of contempt at her own weakness. "What can you comprehend of such persons and such feelings?"

"Nay, nay," said the man, with a milder and more respectful air than could have been supposed possible, "I am not so bad, nor so low either, but I can understand and like a father and daughter being wrapt up in each other.

"Don't think about me, Lady Esther. Maybe it will do you good to ease your mind by talking as you feel."

The woman was silent, for a moment, and then she continued, in a sort of monologue, as if speaking to herself rather than to her companion.

"Well, it went on, and the wedding was fixed, and, at last, the day came. My father became much excited, and, as it appeared, gay in spirits as it drew near. He lavished large sums on my dress and all the preparations; and every one envied the fortunate bride, the favored daughter with such gifts, and such a prospect before her. But those jealous ones cannot see me now," she said, glancing at her worn brown dress, and the humble room in which they sat.

"The day came. We stood at the altar, and my hand was actually in my bridegroom's, and the ring in readiness to place on my finger, as the last completion of our union when a groan—a shriek—a heavy fall sounded through the church. My father lay on the floor at my side senseless, and, as it was soon too evident—a corpse! It was terrible!"

A shiver ran through the woman's whole frame, as if the horrors of the scene were again fully present before her; and the man gave an involuntary exclamation of horror as he listened.

"Yes, it was dreadful," she said; "but there was more to come. I was taken to my home a mourning orphan, instead of a rejoicing bride, and, by a strange revulsion from that moment I felt an absolute horror of my future husband, as if he and my father's death could never be separated in my mind. Then, too, I was strengthened

in this morbid feeling by tales and influences that I can believe now to have been colored, if not wholly false; till, at last, I learned actually to hate and despise one whom I had nearly promised to love and obey; but I was well punished for my weakness."

A slight spasm came over the woman's thin features, and then she resumed her story more quickly.

"I found, by my father's will, that I should at once be put in possession of the fortune that was left entirely to my disposal; and though it proved afterwards to be far less than the world had given him credit for possessing, it was still a handsome inheritance for a woman, and quite sufficient to give a color to calumny against my lover."

"But where was your brother all this time?" interrupted the man: "you've got one, for you showed me his portrait."

"He was disinherited by my father long before, on account of his marriage," she replied sharply.

"That has nothing to do with my story, and I am not inclined to give a family history, though I am fool enough to comply with your request as to myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Little Temper.

BY R. P. SMITH.

"I CAN get along with him, I'm very sure," said Joscelind Darkridge.

"Nobody could get along with him!" chorused the three other Miss Darkridges in unison.

Uncle Black was the personage of whom they spoke—a crabbed, ill-tempered, little old man—who lived in a superb old country seat.

He had money to leave, but his nieces and nephews secretly believed that it would be a deal easier to go to California or Golconda, or some of those fabulous places, and dig fortunes out nugget by nugget, than to stay at home and earn them by making themselves acceptable to an old gentleman who had as many angles as a rose-diamond, and as many prickly spikes of temper and disposition as a porcupine.

Naomi Darkridge had tried it first.

Naomi was a soft-voiced, slender girl, with a head which reminded one of a drooping lily.

"No one can help loving Naomi," said Mrs. Darkridge, as she kissed the daughter good-bye.

But in three weeks Naomi came back, half frightened out of her wits.

"He scolds so dreadfully," said Naomi; "and he looks at me as the wolf must have looked at little Red Riding Hood. Oh, mamma, I could not stay there, not if I was to be made richer than Lady Burdett-Coutts herself!"

Magdalen went next.

But Magdalen, although a fine, tall girl, with a spirit of her own, was cowed by uncle Black's savage eyes in less than a week.

"I'd sooner sweep crossings for a living," said Magdalen, "than be uncle Black's heiress."

And so she came home without loss of time.

Rhoda Darkridge, in no wise abashed by the successive failures of her sisters, was the third one to try Black Grange and its possibilities.

But she also succumbed before the terrible scourge of uncle Black's tongue.

"It's scold, snarl, scold, from morning till night!" said Rhoda, as in three days' time she tearfully related her experience to her parents.

"Oh, you don't know—nobody can know—what a dreadful man uncle Black is."

"Oh, hang the old scamp!" said Mr. Darkridge, who was of a free-and-easy nature, and thought his girls a great deal too sweet and nice to be snarled at by any rich old miser.

"Let him alone.

"My daughters needn't go begging for any man's money."

But here Joscelind Darkridge, the youngest, tallest, and prettiest of the four girls, spoke up.

"I'll go," said she.

"You don't know what you are undertaking," said Naomi, with a shudder.

"He'd wear out a stone," said Magdalen.

"He's a ghoul," shuddered Rhoda.

"I can get along with him, I am sure," said Joscelind brightly.

And she packed up her little trunk, and went to Black Grange.

It was sunset—a red flaming sunset—when she came up the terraced flight of steps that led to the old house.

Everything blushed blood-red in the deep light, and Joscelind could see how lovely was the scenery, how substantial this old grey house, with its square towers and semi-circular colonnaded porch.

Uncle Black stood on the steps in a wig and black silk stockings, surmounted by huge silver knee-buckles.

"So you are Joscelind?" said uncle Black, surveying her with little twinkling eyes, like black beads.

"Yes, I am Joscelind," said the bright-cheeked girl, giving him a kiss.

"You're late," said uncle Black.

"I am late," said Joscelind. "I thought the old beast of a stage never would have got here. The horses fairly crept and the roads were horrid."

"It's a dreadful warm day," growled uncle Black.

"I'm almost roasted," sighed Joscelind.

"The whole summer has been intolerably warm," said the old gentleman.

"We might as well be in the tropics and have done with it," retorted Joscelind, flinging off her shawl and fanning herself vehemently.

Uncle Black gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters.

"I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he. "The servants are miserable——"

"No more than one might expect," interrupted Joscelind, with a deprecatory motion of the hand. "Servants are mere frauds nowadays."

"And nothing goes right about the place."

"Nothing ever does," said Joscelind.

Uncle Black eyed her queerly.

This was quite different from the determined cheerfulness and systematic good spirits of her three sisters.

At breakfast the next morning, uncle Black began to scold, as usual.

"Fish again!" said he.

"This makes four mornings in the week we've had fish."

"I detest fish," said Joscelind, pushing away her plate with a grimace.

"And the rolls heavy again," growled uncle Black, breaking one open.

"Please give me the plate, uncle Black," said Joscelind, and she rang the table-bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, a stout, good-humored Irishwoman made her appearance.

"Betty," said Miss Darkridge, "be so good as to throw these rolls out of the window."

Betty stared.

"Do you hear what I tell you?" said Joscelind, with emphasis.

And Betty flung the rolls among the rose-bushes, where they were speedily devoured by Cato, the Newfoundland dog, and Rob and Roy, the two setters.

"But what am I to eat for breakfast?" bewailed Uncle Black.

"Toast of course," said Joscelind. "Anything is better than imperilling one's digestion with such stuff as this. And, Betty, if you send up any more fish in a month you may consider yourself discharged; do you hear?"

"But, my dear, I am rather fond of fish," put in the old gentleman.

"One can't eat fish the whole time," said Joscelind imperiously. "Here, Betty, this coffee isn't fit to drink, and the toast is burned, and you must have put the cooking butter on the table by mistake. Let these errors be rectified at once."

Betty retired with an ominous rustle of her stiffly starched apron.

"My dear," said uncle Black, rather apprehensively, "Betty is a very old servant, and——"

"I don't care if she is of the age of Methuselah," said Joscelind; "nobody can be expected to put up with such wretched cookery as this."

"I really think she is not so bad, if——"

"Oh, pray don't apologise for her, uncle Black," said Joscelind.

"They are all shiftless lazy creatures, who must be discharged promptly if they don't do their duties."

Uncle Black began to look frightened.

He had kept Betty, Sylvia, and old John for ten years.

Was it possible that he had scolded at them for ten years only to have Joscelind Darkridge outscold him now?

"I wouldn't be too short with them, my dear, if I were you," he remonstrated.

"Then let them do their duty," said Joscelind, with the air of an empress.

"We are all mortal," pleaded uncle Black.

"I expect every one about me do his duty," said Joscelind.

Uncle Black ate the rest of his breakfast with but little appetite.

Sylvia, the housemaid, was finishing dusting his library as he entered it.

"Not through yet!" growled uncle Black, the fretwork of wrinkles once more coming into his brow.

"Sylvia," said Miss Darkridge severely, "if this happens again, I shall dispense with your services.

"Look at that clock. Is this the time of day to be dawdling about the rooms with a broom and duster?

"Remember that Mr. Black does not pay you exorbitant wages to lie in bed until noon."

"My dear," said uncle Black, "Sylvia is generally a very good girl, if——"

"Dear uncle," interrupted Joscelind, "pray permit me to be the judge of these matters.

"You have ruled your household with a slack and indulgent hand altogether too long. I shall now institute a reform."

And poor Sylvia had never moved about so briskly as she did that day.

Old John, the gardener, was not exempt from his share of the general turmoil.

Miss Darkridge chanced to overhear her uncle reproaching the old man for some fancied neglect in the flower-beds, whose diamonds, ovals, and crescents of brilliant colors were the pride of his horticultural heart, and she came promptly to his aid.

"Gardening, indeed! Do you call this gardening?" she said. "Uncle Black, I'm astonished that you keep such a man about the place."

And the torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of the poor old John was enough, as that individual observed, "to make one's flesh creep."

"My niece is a young lady of spirit and energy," apologized Mr. Black, when at last Joscelind had gone back to the house.

"Verra like you, sir—verra like you," said old John, scratching his head.

"Like me?" said Mr. Black slowly.

And he stood for full five minutes, quite speechless and motionless, staring down at the mossy rim of an ancient sun-dial, half-sunk in the velvety grass.

And at the end of the five minutes he spoke two other words, and two only—

"Like me!"

"There's no knowing the masther, he's that changed," said Betty, in the kitchen, a week or so later. "He's as mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a kitten."

"Sure, isn't that just what the young lady told us," said Sylvia, "when she came down into the kitchen that first morning before the fire was lighted, as she was going to try an experiment, and we wasn't to mind a word she said, 'cause it was all by contraries? 'He don't know what his temper has got to be,' said she, 'and I'm going to show him.' And, bless her sweet heart, her plan has worked like a charm."

It had, in good truth.

Uncle Black was a changed man.

And Joscelind had relapsed into the original sunshine of her temper, and all the domestic wheels of Black Grange seemed to revolve on velvet.

But Uncle Black took all the credit to himself.

He never knew that Joscelind had taught him a lesson.

"We get along very nicely," said he, "now that my niece has subdued those little tempers of hers."

And Joscelind was his heiress and darling after all, for he will always believe that it was he who "formed her character."

A MOST INGENIOUS COOK.—Near, in the opinion of the Greek poet Euphron, are the poet and the cook. Both, he says, attain by an ingenious audacity the apex of their art. And to show the intellectual daring of the cook, he tells the following story: Nicomedes, the great king of Bithynia, being once on a time some twelve days' journey from the sea, had a sudden longing for a loach, a little yellow fish which inhabits running streams. Some lexicographers explain the word used by the Euphron as "smelt," but the general consensus is in favor of the former interpretation. His cook served him up in twenty minutes this very fish. Everybody wondered, for the season, to add to the difficulty of the exploit, chanced to be in midwinter. It is said that once while Seldon sat into the assembly of Divines at Westminster, a warm debate arose about the distance from Jericho to Jerusalem. Those who contended for the longer distance were about to yield to the argument of their adversaries that fishes were carried from one city to the other, when the celebrated lawyer cried out, "perhaps the fishes were salted," upon which the dispute was renewed with increased vigor. But the loach in the present case was quite fresh. How then was it procured? French cooks can, it is well known, make a delicious soup out of an old shoe, but the curious device of the cook of Nicomedes will be found equally clever. He took a turnip, and cut it into the figure of a loach. He then boiled it gently over a slow fire, added a certain quantity of oil and salt,—not that indefinite amount familiar to us in modern cookery books as a "pinch," but measured with exact and learned discrimination—and completed the dish by a sprinkling of a dozen grains of black pepper. Nicomedes, devouring the disguised turnip with a good appetite, told his friends that it was the finest loach he ever ate in his life. It is surely but a just reward of merit that cooks possessed of such powers as these should receive those high salaries we read of in the records of Imperial Rome.

PIPES BY THE MILLION.—The red clay pipe is made in Providence at the rate of about two millions a year, worth five or ten cents apiece, or ten or twenty thousand dollars. The clay comes from Martha's Vineyard, Governor's Island, New York, and Lake Michigan. Three hundred tons are used in a year. The three kinds of clay are mixed or ground together. A workman, with a pile of clay behind him, makes from it single rolls of clay, each large enough to make a pipe. The next worker places the clay in a pipe mould, runs a wire into the stem part, puts it under a lever and makes the bowl. The latest is the "Land League," representing eviction on one side and prison life on the other. In pipes, as in other things, novelties must be given the smoking public. After the moulding process the pipes are laid away to dry or drain until the water is well out of them. They are then put in fire clay receivers, one hundred and ninety in each, and placed in the furnace or kiln to be burnt. The oven holds 70,000 pipes. They are then heated to a white heat. The red clay pipe has a wooden stem and a silver band. The stems are made from maple by machinery designed for the purpose. They are made black by the process of enamelling. The band is made from a circular piece of brass,—that is to say, a circular piece of brass, without break or seam, is turned into a cylinder about an inch in length. Some of the pipes are stained, while others are left in the color of clay, to be stained or colored by the smoker.

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. To do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. To speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

THERE is a signature of wisdom and power impressed upon the works of God, which evidently distinguishes them from the feeble imitations of men.

Bric-a-Brac.

FLIES.—In Mexico and South America, fire-flies are very common, which shine by so strong a phosphoric light, that a person may read by the light of three of them. A single female house-fly produces in one season eighty thousand three hundred.

JAPANESE SWORDS.—Some of the swords of Japan are said to possess wonderful qualities of hardness and sharpness. The story is told that if one of these blades is held upright in a running stream the leaves floating gently down with the current will cut themselves in two when they reach the keen edge of the sword.

THE LONGEST TUNNEL.—The longest in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 900 feet below the surface at Andermatt, and 6,600 feet beneath the peak of Kastelhorn, of St. Gothard group. The tunnel is 25½ feet wide and 19 feet 10 inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 9½ miles long, 1½ miles longer than the Mount Cenis tunnel.

A QUEER DINNER.—An extraordinary gastronomical feat has been performed at Derby. A man, out of sheer bravado, while in a public house cut up his fur cap and swallowed the pieces, then he ate a newspaper, and as a reward asked the company for a few coppers. Five pennies were accordingly thrown to him, and on the suggestion of one of the company, these were sent after the newspaper and the fur cap. The silly fellow suddenly became ill and was taken to the infirmary, where he still remains.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.—The late Dr. Gray, America's pioneer homœopathist, once gave to a poor sewing girl who came to him for advice, a vial of medicine, and told her to go home, take the dose, and go to bed. She then replied that she could not do so, as she was dependent on her daily earnings for a living. "Then," said he, "I'll have to change the medicine a little." Taking back the vial he wrapped it in a $10 bill, and returning it to her repeated the order:—"Go home and go to bed, and take the medicine wrapper and all."

HOW SPONGES ARE CAUGHT.—There is very little diving for sponges, most of them being pulled from the rocks by means of a forked hook. The sponge seen below the water looks like a black bunch. When a vessel arrives on the fishing ground it is anchored and the men go out in small boats to look for sponges, if calm, they are easily seen on the white, sandy bottom; but if the wind blows, a "sea-glass" is used. The soft soapy stuff brought to the surface is about as thick as jelly, and is spread on a crawl for five or six days until the sponge dies. The crawl is a rough sort of a frame made by sticking pieces of brush into the sand. The sponges are then beaten with small sticks, and after being thoroughly washed are ready for market.

HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.—The hospital for sick and homeless animals at Bombay stands in the centre of the native quarter of the city. It covers several acres, low stone buildings inclosing a large courtyard. The single condition for admission is that the animal shall remain until it dies. The pious Hindoos believe that all life is sacred, and that its preservation is in some degree an atonement for sin committed, and many an evil conscience is purged by sending some unhappy beast to the hospital. Much of the food consumed by the dumb pensioners is contributed in the way of sacrifices and thank-offerings. Even flies, fleas, and unmentionable vermin find refuge in a room set apart for their accommodation, devout pilgrims and hired beggars supplying their necessities.

NAMES OF HORSES.—In one way racing may be said to have improved of late. The names given to race horses at the present day are much better than many of those which appear in the racing calendars of the last century. Among other singular names are such as "I am little, pity my condition." "Peggy grieves me." "Jenny, come tye me." "Why do you slight me?" "Sweetest when clothed." Sweetest when stripped." "Jack, come tickle me." "Briton, strike home." "Watch them and catch them." "Turn about Tommy." "Kiss in a corner." "I will if I can." "Hop, step, and jump," "Tickle me quickly." "Jack-in-a-box." "Kick him Jenny." Even quite recently there have been a few instances such a nomenclature. Lord George Bentick had "Here I go with my eye out" and "All round my hat;" Gen. Peel had "I am not aware," and Lord Glasgow owned "He has a name" and "Give him a name."

INDIAN MONKEYS AND TIGERS.—Monkeys in general, and the macacus species in particular, entertain the greatest antipathy to tigers and leopards; nor is this to be wondered at, for it is these animals only that attempt to molest them; indeed, by the former monkey meat is considered a high delicacy. When, therefore, their domain is invaded by the stealthy tiger, and his whereabouts detected, the violence of their anger knows no bounds. High up out of the reach of their foe they give free vent to their enmity, and with prodigious chatter assemble in all their strength upon the trees beneath which the tiger is lurking; shaking the branches with might and main, and pattering down upon and about their would-be devourer such a shower of dry sticks, twigs, and leaves, that the latter is forced, with an angry growl, to quit his lair and seek other and quieter quarters. But no peace is he allowed so long as he remains in their vicinity; and should darkness set in these sagacious animals will on the ensuing morning, search diligently to see whether or not their enemy has really taken his departure.

EXACTLY IT.

BY THOS. I. O'NEAL.

Yes, my lips to night have spoken,
Words I said they should not speak,
And I would I could recall them,
Would I had not been so weak.

Oh, that one unguarded moment,
Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of its temptation
Would appeal to me in vain.

True, my lips have only uttered,
What is ever in my heart,
I am happy when beside him,
Wretched when we are apart.

And I would not, could not pain him,
Would not for the world offend—
I would have him know I love him
As a brother, as a friend.

But I meant to keep my secret
In my bosom always hid,
For I never meant to tell him,
That I loved him, but I did.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE walls of the pretty county town of Harbury, in Kent, were all placarded with the name of Martin Ray—Martin Ray, the Radical, the Reformer; "the Voice of the People," as he liked best to call himself; the philanthropist, the hater of Queen and aristocracy, the teacher of treason; the man who worked for, yet lived upon the people; the man who was half genius, half madman, half poet, full of grave thoughts all distorted, of grand ideas all wrong; a man whose lips had been touched by the divine fire of eloquence, who could stir the hearts of the people as the wind stirs the leaves; a man who had magnificent conceptions of what the world might be made, yet failed utterly in making them practical; a man over whom a wise government hesitates, hardly knowing whether to crush him or to take him by the hand and make a friend of him.

More than one Prime Minister had knitted his brows over the name of Martin Ray, more than one popular outburst had followed the fire of this man's words.

He was earnest and sincere.

He hated everything that appertained to Royalty; against the Queen as a woman he said never a word—against her as the Head of the State he uttered thunders of wrath.

The aristocracy he hated with honest hatred; he would have taken the broad acres of duke and earl and shared them amongst the laboring poor.

He protested that the monopoly of wealth by a few was a gross injustice to the many; he swore that he would give his life to undo the wrong; at the same time he was content to live himself upon the subscriptions of the people whom he misled and incited to sedition.

He could be tracked easily as the flaming fire that lays bare the prairie; wherever he went he was followed by loud murmurs of popular discontent, and then came riot and imprisonment.

In quiet hamlets, in sleepy villages, in peaceful towns, in factories, in workshops, and garrets, his words fell, and set fire to those who listened.

At Harbury there had been a trial for bribery at the elections.

"There is sure to be a flaw in the armor there," thought Martin Ray; "it is the very place for a paying lecture by the 'workingman's friend.'"

So the walls of the old town were placarded with the name of Martin Ray, the famous Radical, and the people thirsted to see the new champion of popular rights.

Harbury had always been a Conservative town, the inhabitants of which had rarely troubled themselves with politics, save at election times; but now amongst the poor and the artisan class a new light was spreading.

They were no longer to be repressed and contemned: every man was to have his due; there should be none very rich, none very poor.

And the man who was to help in the accomplishment of all this was coming—"the Voice of the People," Martin Ray.

No wonder that the old walls were placarded, and that every gate and door bore his name.

The largest placard of all was that opposite to the house of Amos Hatton, who lived in Castle street, Harbury, the last descendant of what had once been a wealthy and powerful family.

For generations they had faded and decayed; they had no longer houses or lands, nor even position; and Amos Hatton had been compelled to apply himself to one of the professions.

He was a solicitor, with a small but paying practice; and, being a staunch Conservative, the name of Martin Ray in large letters opposite to his door displeased him greatly.

When he came down to breakfast on this fine morning, there the words were looking him defiantly in the face, while his pretty daughter Doris was gazing at them intently.

She turned when he entered.

"Papa," she asked, "what is a Radical?"

The old lawyer's face flushed hotly.

"I will not answer you until I feel calmer; to say the least of it, it is most atrocious to place that name there."

The girl looked at it with softened eyes.

"Martin Ray," she said, "it is not a bad name, papa."

"It is not the name, but the man," rejoined the lawyer. "The fellow is capable of anything; and unfortunately he is a fine orator, they say?"

"I should like to hear him," said Doris.

"Hear him! Do you want your ears to burn, Doris, through listening to such doctrines as his? Take my word for it, the man who does not believe in and serve his Queen fails to serve his Maker."

Doris made no answer, but in her heart she said such a sweeping condemnation was unfair—that many men to whom the word "royalty" even was an abomination tried their best to lead a pure life.

"I do not see what politics have to do with religion," said Doris dreamily.

"When a man is true in one thing, he is likely to be true in all," declared the lawyer; "and, if he is false in one he is apt to be false in all. Give me my hat, Doris; I will have that poster down."

His daughter smiled.

"You can tear down the bill, papa; but you cannot remove the man," she said.

"Unfortunately, no; if I could, I would have him locked up."

"I should like to hear him," said Doris. "I have never heard a really eloquent speaker. May I go to the lecture?"

"I shall be ashamed if you do," replied the lawyer.

But Doris laughed.

"Not quite that. Sir John Darke is going, with his wife and daughters. I should like to go also."

"Well, you can go, Doris—that is, if your cousin will accompany you. Just once will not matter, and it will prove to you what nonsense such men talk. You will certainly hear a fine orator. I have heard that Martin Ray's words fall like flame and set his hearers' hearts on fire. Go, but do not mention the man's name to me again."

Mr. Hatton finished his tea and went off to the office, where, in the intricacies of "Luveen vs. Gother," he forgot all about Martin Ray; nor did he dream that a tragedy had begun that day.

Harbury was a quiet town, with very few amusements, and such a thing as a great political lecture, no matter on what side, was not to be neglected.

Doris Hatton was well pleased to go.

She had all her life heard her father speak of Radicals as a class of beings quite different from other men.

Here was a chance of seeing the enemy.

Partly because she had nothing else to do, partly because fate or destiny led her, Doris Hatton went to the lecture.

Looking over the sea of faces, changing, brightening, or darkening under the fire or scorn of his words, Martin Ray saw one that lived in his heart for evermore—a pale, refined, pretty face, with great earnest eyes and a tender mouth, the face of a girl who must be a hero-worshipper by nature.

The expression of it was rapt and attentive; the eyes never left his; the lips quivered, the eyes brightened, and the face flushed as he changed his theme.

It was like playing on some grand harp; touch what chords he would, the response was certain.

After a while the girl's face held him captive—he found himself speaking to it, thinking of it, watching it as it changed and paled.

It was no longer himself and his audience, but himself and the girl.

He was explaining to her his doctrine, imbuing her mind with his ideas.

Martin Ray surpassed himself this evening; the young face inspired him; and, although among his listeners were many who dissented from him, and who believed him to be almost criminally wrong, no one could help admiring the earnest discourse of "the Voice of the People."

Those who disagreed with him regretted that so much talent should be abused; those who believed in him gave him an ovation, and feasted him royally in the old town of Harbury.

All night Martin Ray dreamed of one face, one pair of eyes; and, when morning dawned, he felt that the common lot of humanity was his at last—he loved the fair unknown girl with a love that naught could change.

He found out who she was; she was Doris Hatton, the only daughter of the staunch old solicitor, who would be his greatest political enemy.

He tried to get an introduction at the house, but failed completely; Amos Hatton would not receive him.

Still Martin Ray would not tear himself from the girl; and he found means to meet her and to tell her how well he loved her.

Doris Hatton was always inclined to take a romantic view of matters, and she made of the man a perfect hero.

All the ideas and theories of her life were upset.

She believed this man, with his dark eyes and fervid thoughts, to be a prophet amongst the people.

At his bidding down went the altars of her youth; loyalty, obedience, reverence for superiors—all vanished, and before her spread the wide plain of universal equality.

She loved Martin Ray with perfect love, such as he could have won from no other creature living.

There was a long struggle in her heart between allegiance to her father and this swift, sweet, new-born love; but, as this new teacher told her, the old landmarks were swept away, they existed no longer—no father had a right to interfere with the happiness of his children.

Through the sweet month of May, while the hawthorn bloomed on the hedges and the clover grew, he contrived to see her every evening.

He found that Harbury was a good school. He wrote to the committee of which he was the head, and said that he should remain there while he founded a society, and taught the people what were workmen's rights and wrongs.

He labored honestly enough, and in the intervals of work he secretly wooed Doris—Doris, wondered how this man, so gifted, so different from other men, came to love her—Doris, who believed in his dreams and his visions, and who foresaw a time when all men would be equal, when poverty and toil would be done away with, and universal peace, charity, harmony, and comfort reign.

Martin Ray, her hero, was to bring about this.

She did not know then that Martin Ray lived in luxury on the money that should have fed the children of the poor with bread.

She had to learn the hardest of all lessons—the difference between precept and practice.

CHAPTER II.

AMOS HATTON stormed and raved when he received a letter from Martin Ray, asking for his daughter's hand.

Nothing could exceed his wrath and indignation.

"You have good blood in your veins," he cried to the trembling girl. "You have ancestors who fought and died—died, mind you—for king and country, and you ask me if you may marry the man who has boasted that, if no one else were found willing, he himself would be found willing, he himself would behead every sovereign reigning. He said that in his last lecture at Manchester. I read the words, and wondered at the patience of his listeners; and you, my gentle, well-born, well-bred Doris, you could marry him!!"

"I love him—I cannot help it, papa. You misjudge him," she answered despairingly. "I must love him; no one understands him but me."

"Must love him!" repeated Amos Hatton. "Why, child, if you could but see, it is he, and such as he, who are the greatest enemies of the people!"

"You do not know him!" she exclaimed. "He is a hero!"

"Hero! Nonsense, Doris; heroes do and dare; this man incites others to deeds he dares not do himself. I should not object to see a cart-load of such heroes sent off to Van Diemen's Land."

"You are unjust, papa!" she cried. "I cannot help it; I love him. Oh, if you could but see how it is! He wants me to be his wife and his helpmate. I am to assist him in his work. Oh, papa, do you not see how grand is the mission he offers me? I am to be to the women of England what he is to the men."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Amos Hatton. "I would rather, dearly as I love you, see you in your grave! I would rather," he added passionately, "far rather see you dead than the wife of Martin Ray!"

"And I," she replied, raising her pale face to his, "would rather die than forsake him or give him up!"

"You must choose between us, Doris," said her father, trying to speak calmly. "If you marry him, I will never look upon your face again, I will never speak to you or hear your voice; you will be no child of mine; I will cast you off from me."

She uttered a low cry of pain and despair.

"I wonder," she said, "if ever a girl had to choose between her father and her lover before?"

"Yes," he replied; "hundreds. As a rule, they choose the lover; but you ought to be an exception, Doris—you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you. I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a few days or months that you have to decide, but for life, Doris. My dear, try to disabuse yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a paltry, miserable schemer, who lives upon the hard earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa!" she cried despairingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a Radical, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning.

The lawyer had written a brief contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study.

He had fancied that it would be easy to influence her.

He believed that he had only to refuse, and she would forget all about the proposal.

He had found that he was mistaken.

The new love was stronger than the old; hero-worship had a greater charm than mere obedience.

Amos Hatton gave his daughter a few days to decide upon her fate in life.

She took the decision into her own hands, and married Martin Ray—but not with her father's consent or blessing.

She stole from the house one sunny morning never to enter it again.

She kissed her father on the evening before, and never saw his face or heard his voice again.

She married the man whom she believed to be a hero, and reaped her reward.

There was some little surprise and consternation in Harbury when it was known that Doris Hatton had married the young demagogue whose appearance had created a social whirlwind.

"What could she see in him, a pretty, sensible girl like Doris?" people asked each other.

Few understood the attraction that such a man would have for a romantic, sentimental girl.

Doris thought no lot in the world one half as brilliant as hers.

Amos Hatton was a heart-broken man.

He had but two children, and he had loved them with the deepest possible love.

His son Arthur, a fine handsome, spirited boy, eight years older than his sister, had chosen the Army as a profession; and quite early in his career he had received an excellent military appointment in India, where he was rapidly accumulating fame and fortune.

Doris, his fair daughter, was the very pride of his heart.

For her the old lawyer had worked and toiled, only to see himself forsaken for a man whom he hated and despised.

His heart was bitter and his wrath was great.

He wrote to his son in India, telling him what had happened, and bidding him to drive all memory of his sister from him forever.

Then Amos Hatton made another will, in which he left all his property to his son; and when he spoke of Doris it was as of one dead.

Everything that had ever belonged to her—piano, books, pictures, clothes, ornaments,—was sent after her.

In the lawyer's pleasant old-fashioned house in Harbury not a trace was left of the daughter once so beloved.

He faded quickly after that.

* * * * * *

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life.

The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him.

He positively began to believe himself what she imagined him to be.

He began to think of himself as a true philanthropist, one born to help the people—as half-prophet, half martyr—as the man chosen by all England to represent the wants, the wrongs, and the wishes of the working-classes.

He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader amongst men and he was stimulated to greater, grander action.

His name became almost a power in the land.

It broke the old lawyer's heart, every time he opened a newspaper, to read such words as "Riot in Liverpool," "Seditious Movement in Manchester," "Growth of Disloyalty amongst the Lower Classes," "Disaffection at Hull;" then, at times, he would see a paragraph calling attention to Martin Ray—to his fiery eloquence, to his wonderful influence over the masses.

The old lawyer would clench his hands as he read.

This stirrer up of sedition, this man who was like a fire-brand, who moved as a scorching flame over the fair, green, loyal land, this man who openly preached rebellion, spoliation, and treason—this man had taken his bright young daughter from him, and left him in anguish and sorrow.

He said nothing; but slowly and surely it broke his heart.

One morning, when he opened his newspaper, he saw a long account of a grand political meeting in London, and the event of the day was the speech of Martin Ray.

No one had heard its equal for burning eloquence, for Utopian ideas, for schemes and plans which were utterly unfeasible; it was a speech that made a loyal man long to see the one who gave utterance to it punished for it.

Amos Hatton read it.

Bitterness, anger, and regret filled his heart; he suffered terribly.

His emotion brought on a fit; and when his clerk went into the office he found him with his head on the table.

The doctor who was hastily summoned said that he had been dead for an hour.

He was generally regretted; and many people wondered if the hapless daughter would attend her father's funeral.

She did not.

Martin Ray would not allow it.

"He discarded you in life," he said, "you shall not return to him in death."

The news of his decease was sent to India, where his son Arthur grieved heartily for him.

According to his will, everything that he possessed—house, furniture, pictures, plate, business, railway-shares, mining-shares—was sold, and the money was sent to his son.

Arthur took it, and doubled it in a few years.

He thought of his little sister Doris with something like remorse, but made up his mind that when he returned to England he would seek her out, and at least share the money with her.

So Amos Hatton was buried, and in due time forgotten.

Doris mourned long and deeply for him.

The time of her disenchantment had not yet arrived.

She still believed in her husband as a great hero and an excellent man.

None of her illusions had been dispelled, and her happiness had been crowned by the birth of two little daughters—beautiful children, the eldest of whom she had named Leah, and the second Hettie.

She was wonderfully happy, this sweet and gentle Doris, who thought no husband and no children equal to her own.

Cut off from all her former associations and friends, and thrown entirely on her husband for society, no wonder that her life

narrowed and her world became centred in him.

It did not take her many years to find out that her idol was of clay, to discover that he was no prophet, no martyr, that he cared little for the consequences of his seditious language, and the fire he put into the hearts of the people, provided only that he made money and lived in comfort, that his eloquence was a great natural gift which he would just as cheerfully have turned to any other purpose, that, stripped of all the ideal qualities she had ascribed to him, he was simply a shrewd man of powerful intellect, rather more egotistical and more selfish than most of his fellows.

Some wives live and die without either seeing their husband's faults or discerning their weaknesses.

It was not so with Doris.

The fact that she had been once blinded seemed to make her more clear-sighted afterwards.

The time came when she stood appalled at what she had done—when the clap-trap sentiments that she had once thought so heroic and grand appeared to her in their true light.

The knowledge brought on a severe illness, and she died, leaving her two little daughters, Leah and Hettie.

But, before she died, she wrote a letter to her far-off brother, who had never seen her since she was a child, owning to him that her marriage had been a fatal mistake, and praying him to take charge of her children—to save them, to rescue them, if he could, from a fatal and unwholesome atmosphere, and do the best he could for them.

He was Colonel Hatton when he received the letter.

He placed it with his papers, intending to do what she asked, and in the whirl of his busy life forgot all about it.

CHAPTER III.

NO two girls ever had a stranger education and a more unequal life than had Leah and Hettie Ray.

Sometimes they found themselves in the midst of comfort and luxury, with apartments at the West-end and at the sea-side, ponies to ride, servants to wait upon them, the best of masters for "accomplishments," and of governesses for ordinary teaching, the prettiest dresses, the daintiest food.

Then would come poverty, squalor, common lodging-houses, common clothing, the want of even the necessaries of life.

There was one thing that amid all their ups and downs was never forgotten—study.

No matter what happened, they always preserved their books and never missed their lessons.

It was a strange life, most unsuited for young girls; but it was the only one they had ever known.

During their mother's lifetime they had been more settled, they had lived longer in one place, they had been more uniformly comfortable; but now they never had a home for more than three months together.

Martin Ray was very kind, loving, and indulgent to them.

He loved only three creatures during the whole course of his life—his wife and his children.

He shared all he had with them.

When strikes were plentiful, and the masses full of discontent; when the "workman's penny" rolled in; when men invited him to come and make their discontents greater and their misery more unendurable by depicting both in the blackest colors—then he lived in luxury, and his daughters shared it with him.

Those were the palmy days of West-end apartments and first-class music-masters.

Then "the Voice of the People" lectured in good broad-cloth, wearing a gold watch and chain; and the patient, oppressed, toiling multitude gave their pence cheerfully, and never thought of the incongruity.

When riot and anarchy reigned, when sullen hate grew into fierce vengeance, when man pursued master with dogged desire for ruin—then Martin Ray flourished, and his beautiful little daughters wore fine clothes and ate good food.

But, when the loyal good sense of the people prevailed, when submission to lawful reigned, when the fire of discontent was extinguished—then doleful days set in for Martin.

For, instead of paying the agitators who avoided all danger while they led others into it, the workmen kept their money.

Martin Ray was often at a loss to know where his dinner or his children's clothes were to come from.

Yet, in spite of all drawbacks, the girls grew up beautiful and intelligent.

Wherever Martin Ray went he took them with him; and they learned much that was useful, with much that was the reverse.

They had no friends; it was impossible to form even acquaintances living as they did, alternately in luxury and poverty, in great cities and remote villages.

The men with whom their father associated were almost unknown to them, and never brought wife or sister to see them. They were lonely and friendless.

Then came a time of great trouble of which they fortunately knew but little.

When Leah was eleven and Hettie ten, Martin Ray, rendered desperate by what seemed to him long-continued peace and order, made a speech which brought him under the iron grip of the law.

He was tried, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment; and, in spite of all that friends could do, of petitions, and of an agitation which spread all over the country, the sentence was carried out.

Martin Ray, who had not scrupled to use the most offensive language with regard to his Sovereign, who had not hesitated to incite the people to sedition and rebellion, found his punishment in the ignominy and solitude of a prison.

An old patron took pity on his youthful children.

Sir John Falkner, a leading Radical, came to the rescue.

He sent the children to a boarding-school kept by a poor relative of his own—a Miss Fairfax—who resided at Kew.

He forbade any mention of their father's imprisonment; and the children were told that he was away from home, absent on special business, and would not return for a few years.

They believed it implicitly.

They had some kind of idea that their father was a great statesman, born to set the wrongs of the world right.

If they had been told that he had gone to dethrone the Czar of all the Russias, they would have believed it just as implicitly.

They spent three years with Miss Fairfax—and very happy years they were.

"Let them learn everything," Sir John had said.

"The chances are that Martin Ray will never be out of mischief again, and they may have to work for their living.

"Make them clever and accomplished women."

Sir John spared no expense, Miss Fairfax no pains; and the sisters received an excellent education.

Martin Ray was released from prison when Leah was in her fifteenth year and Hettie still almost a child of fourteen.

He was not grateful to Sir John.

He had intended to educate the girls after his own fashion.

Leah, who was gifted, clever, and brilliant, he had meant to bring out as a lecturer; a beautiful young woman lecturing on politics would be a novelty that would pay well.

As for Hettie, there was plenty of time to think over what should be done with her.

Having plans of his own, he was hardly grateful to Sir John for having sent them to a school where they had received a solid sensible education.

He comforted himself by the thought that it was not too late to undo the effects of it; he had time yet to form their minds as he would.

He came out of prison homeless, friendless, almost penniless, but the first thing he did was to take his daughters from school. He had secured apartments for them and for himself in Camden Town, and there he intended to devote his time, first to making money, and then to the education of his daughters.

They never heard of or suspected the secret of his imprisonment; he would rather have died than let them know it.

He received their homage and worship much as he had received their mother's before them, as a right, as incense they ought to burn before him.

When they talked, in their simple girlish fashion, of how great a statesman he was, of what great things he would do, he was flattered and pleased.

Many people looked coldly upon him now who had once seen noble qualities in him.

The imprisonment had been against him. He was the more determined that his daughters at least should retain their veneration for him.

People began to look upon him more as a popular agitator than as a guide or a leader.

He was soured, embittered, yet compelled by the force of the law to be more careful and reticent.

He dared not again advocate the murder of a king; and the fierce sentiments he had been wont to express openly now seethed and gathered in his heart.

Sullen, bitter, vengeful rage has possession of him.

How he longed to crush all those above him, the Queen in whose name he had been arrested, the jury who had found him guilty the judge who had sentenced him, the governor, and chaplain of the gaol where he had been imprisoned, every aristocrat who had read his trial and smiled at his sentence!

How he hated them!

How he clothed in words more fierce than fire his black bitter thought, though he did not dare to utter them, lest the law should seize him again and render him mute!

If he dared not speak in public, in private he atoned for it.

When the little group of men met in the dingy parlor of the dingy house in Camden Town, what horrible treason was spoken, what vile, murderous plans were suggested!

The very fact that he could carry none of them out embittered Martin Ray the more.

He went into prison mistaken, yet earnest; he came out more fiend than man.

Before that event there had been something human in his breast; nothing lived there now but a desire for revenge.

He looked at the beautiful face of Leah, his daughter.

If he could but educate her to his way of thinking, and send her out into the world like a fire-brand—send her to preach equality and fraternity—men would listen to her, would follow her in crowds; she would soon make a name, have an influence.

He remembered how many women had made themselves famous in the same fashion.

He looked with complacency at her beauty.

If those dark eyes of hers would flash fire if that lovely mouth would give utterance to his teachings, men would hang on her words and believe them.

His beautiful Leah should be a popular lecturer—not on women's rights, but on men's freedom.

He had the best masters in education for her, he spent hours each day in teaching her.

The girl herself wondered at her own strange training.

There were times when she half feared, half suspected, that her father intended her for the stage, a profession for which she had no inclination.

Although she had the most profound faith in him, it was strange that her tastes, interests, inclinations, and ideas did not agree with his.

The blood of the loyal old race of Hatton ran in her veins.

She was a Hatton, without one of the characteristics which distinguished the Rays.

While Martin Ray made a hero of Oliver Cromwell, and worshipped him as the savior of his country, Leah hated the name, and loved the memory of the handsome, graceful, graceless Stuarts; while Martin saw nothing but heroism in the Paris mob who dragged their beautiful Queen to the scaffold, Leah raved and admired Marie Antoinette.

So through all the pages of history; and yet he thought to make her a denouncer of Royalty!

Leah Ray was just sixteen, and beautiful as the opening bud of a June rose; grace, dignity, and passion were marked in every line of her face.

The brow was somewhat low and broad, full of ideality and thought; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows straight.

It was a face perfect in shape and harmony with a proud but sensitive mouth—a face difficult to read.

The lightness and brightness of girlhood were not on it; it was slightly mystical and dreamy; and the lustrous eyes had a shadow in them.

The noble head, the graceful figure and its movements, the mass of dark waving hair, so fine and abundant, delighted Martin Ray.

The more beautiful she was, the more sure was she to influence men.

He never thought whether she would be willing to devote her young life to the propagation of his ideas, whether she would care to give up all the allurements and pleasures of the word to dedicate herself to the people.

He had never thought that she would refuse the mission he had appointed for her.

The man who preached liberty to the world never dreamed of giving it to his own daughter; he who openly taught rebellion against all authority never imagined that his daughter would disobey him.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIN RAY was living in one of the crowded streets of Manchester.

The north was better suited to him than the south, because the great centres of industry were there.

For some few months he had been unfortunate.

Heaven had blessed the beautiful land with a fair, warm summer; the harvest was plentiful, the fruit ripened in rich abundance; there was a general air of prosperity; no foreign war caused anxiety and agitation at home; orders from abroad had come in freely, and people were busy at work.

There was no time for considering how the land and money of the rich were to be divided; men did not care to be drawn from their work by agitation of any kind; and Martin Ray had had fewer lectures to give.

The contributions from different committees came in slowly.

He was compelled to be content with writing pamphlets, which, before they were published, underwent so much revision as to make them pointless.

He was all the more eager to bring Leah forward.

"The girl has genius—she has fire and power," he said to himself.

"My mantle must fall upon her.

"Men will listen to words from that beautiful mouth that they will not hear from mine."

He had trained her splendidly.

She was well read and thoughtful.

She was a girl of magnificent talent, full of energy and the restless fire that proclaims genius.

He had never told her until now what his intentions were with regard to her; and on this day he had called her into the miserable little room he dignified by the name of study, to communicate his plans to her.

"You have grown very beautiful, Leah," he said, looking at her quite calmly—"very beautiful; and it is time you knew for what purpose Heaven has sent you that same beauty."

The girl smiled and blushed.

She did not remember that her father had ever used such words to her before.

Martin Ray went on.

"You have a grand mission in life, Leah.

"You must not be as other girls; you must not think that dress, gaiety, enjoyment, love, and marriage are the end and aim of your existence.

"You have a far more important future in store for you."

She looked up at him in wonder.

"I did not know that I had any mission, father," she said quietly.

"What is it?"

"The greatest, Leah, that ever fell to a woman.

"I have been preaching and teaching all my life.

"I have given up everything in this world for the cause of the people—all my hopes, my ambition.

"I have served them, lived for them, spent my life for them; and now, even as from the prophet of old, my mantle has fallen—and it has fallen upon you."

"I do not understand," she replied. "What am I to do?"

"I will tell you," he said. "You must take my place.

"I can preach and teach no longer; you must do it for me.

"You are young and beautiful; you have great talent; you have a clear, vibrating, sweet voice that will make its way to the very hearts of men; you have the fire that belongs to genius; you have a brilliant imagination—indeed I may say that you have every requirement; and a lady-orator will be a novelty such as is not seen every day."

"What do you want me to be, father?" she asked slowly.

"A teacher of the people," he replied grandiloquently.

"How can I teach when I know nothing?" she asked.

"You have plenty of knowledge, and when it fails I will supply what you may need," he said.

"I want you to set forth my doctrines, Leah, to spread my teachings.

"I want you to interpret my thoughts and ideas to the world.

"They will live after me, and I shall be famous after I am dead."

"But, father," she remarked gravely, "you have spent your life you say, in making known your belief; and, if you, so wise so learned, so good, so earnest, have not succeeded, what can I do?

"A girl, young and untrained, ignorant——"

He interrupted her eagerly.

"I have succeeded, in a measure," he said.

"But one life is not long enough for the work.

"You must carry it on for me.

"The grace and beauty of the woman-teacher will do more even than the fame and skill of the man.

"Leah, try to appreciate, to understand, the grandor of the mission I give to you. If I had called you here this morning, and had told you that all the nations of the earth had united in asking you to be their queen, you would be dazed and bewildered with delight, you would not know how to wear such a crown.

"But the mission I have given you makes you a greater and grander woman than the sovereignty of the whole earth could."

"In what way?" she asked.

"You have to teach the people—the great masses who are struggling on to freedom and liberty."

"How shall I—a girl—teach the people?" she asked gently.

"I should think that white-haired men would have little patience with anything that I could say."

"If you have been taught what to say, they will believe it," said Martin Ray. "You will not appear before them as a simple, ignorant, untrained girl—in that case I grant you would be little worthy of credence—you will come before the world as the one woman in it chosen by Heaven to teach the people the blessings of equality and liberty."

"But Heaven has not chosen me," she rejoined.

"It has—through me: and you must hear the voice of Heaven through mine.

"You must stand before the world, a woman trained to teach, a woman whose beauty and grace have been especially given to her to influence the hearts of men, a woman who deliberately gives her life to the well-being of others, a woman clad in ethereal armor, delicate of tint, full of poetry and eloquence, the embodiment of the Spirit of Liberty."

A light shone on the girl's face.

"And do you think I could do all this, father?"

"Think! I am sure of it! Did not Joan of Arc, a girl feeble and frail as you, lead vast bodies of troops on to victory?"

"Heaven called her," said the girl reverently.

"Heaven calls you," he declared solemnly.

"A girl saved the French crown; a girl queen saved Hungary from destruction in the olden days; Judith saved her country, Queen Esther her nation.

"It seems to me that from time to time women are raised up to save a great people from destruction. You, my daughter, are one of these."

She grew pale, and trembled under the weight of his words.

He took her hands in his, and looked at them lovingly.

If he were a false pretender himself, he did not mean her to be one, and he knew that nothing succeeds like truth and earnestness.

"These are little hands," he said, "to hold the great beating, bleeding heart of the people—little hands to plead and implore, to raise and to beat down.

"But you must do it, Leah. I see the grand spirit of noble women sweeping over you.

"Be a modern Judith, and slay the monster Royalty."

She shrank back pale and trembling at these words.

"I can slay nothing," she said.

But he did not seem to hear her.

He was looking at her, trying to weigh the effect of her graceful young loveliness on the hearts of men.

"Leah," he said slowly, "you will do better than I have done. You will make a fortune."

A flame, almost of fire, spread over her beautiful face.

"Make a what, father—a fortune? I thought you gave up everything to the people you taught—not took from them?"

"Certainly," he answered hastily. "But there must be funds provided for the organization of such a grand movement as ours. Nothing in this very prosaic world can be done without money, Leah.

"Our way of raising money is by giving these lectures.

"They serve two purposes—they find the means to enable us to carry on the war, and they teach the people."

The girl's face fell, and the light died out of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Craigie's Thorpe.

BY HENRY SELBY.

"A SAD STORY!" said the Doctor—"a very sad story; but I cannot say that I believe in these things."

"Nor I!"—"Nor I!" responded a dozen voices; and one more eager than the rest exclaimed:

"'Tis most absurd this belief in ghosts! No one with the slightest reasoning power could believe——"

"But it's very strange," murmured a timid voice from the chimney-corner.

"Strange?" replied the first speaker. "Not at all strange. The mind dwells on one thing until it runs wild, and peoples the world with ghosts and goblins. It is only the uneducated who ever think of such things."

"Nay; there you are wrong?" interrupted the Doctor. "In the case I referred to they were all people of very high position. The father, Sir Godfrey Levison, at the time I knew him, was a stately old gentleman, proud of his position, not merely for the importance it gave him, but for the comfort of his home and the happiness of his dependants. His wife brought him money. She was one of the Gowerbanks, a very old family in these parts—a delightful old lady, but rather commonplace, who cared no more for her husband's stateliness than she did for the cackle of her favorite hens. There were two sons left of a family of seven. Guy, the elder brother, was about twenty-four; Herbert but nineteen. They were devoted to one another, and had never been parted till about three years before, when Guy went to Germany. There he met a young lady to whom he betrothed himself; and while waiting an opportunity to tell his parents, his father received a letter from an old friend, written on his death-bed, asking him to be a guardian to his only child, whom his death left so desolate. Sir Godfrey instantly started off, and returned in a few days, bringing with him a beautiful girl. Imagine the consternation of the father, when, on the lady unveiling, she and his son uttered an exclamation of delight, and rushed into each other's arms. She was his betrothed. The union met with the cordial sanction of his parents, and the happiness of all was complete. The nuptials were to be celebrated the day after the incident to which I refer happened."

The Doctor paused, heaved a sigh, abstractedly stirred his grog, and then fell into a fit of musing, regardless of the eager looks of his auditors.

"But, Doctor, do tell us. What was it?"

"I am no hand at tale-telling," said the Doctor; "but I have it written down here, and I will read it to you if you like."

The idea was hailed with exclamations of delight; and the Doctor, clearing his throat, and seeing his company around comfortably seated, began the following story:

Methinks the elements had met for a Christmas carouse at Craigie's Thorpe, so fierce and stormy was the night. 'Twas scarcely Christmas weather.

The snow that had laid so lovingly on the ground for the last few days, now sullied by the continual dripping of the rain, melted into tears, and sank into the bosom of the earth, while ever and anon the wind rushed madly along, bending earthwards the branches of the stately elms that surrounded Craigie's Park, and then sped onwards to the sea, and, meeting the resistance of the waves, dashed them in fury against the stern rock, as though it would uproot it from the firm base, and then rolled back again in impotent rage at finding its efforts vain, like the angry roar of some savage beast disappointed of its prey.

And how it rained, pour, pour, pour, as though heaven intended meeting earth.

The Squire's mansion in the distance, a handsome building of gray stone, stood in grim relief against the dark, dismal sky, the bright lights flashing in every window making the darkness around still greater by the contrast.

Scarce a light in the little village at the foot of the hill, for all had barred their doors against the storm-king; besides, it was late, and they were old-fashioned people in those parts.

Suddenly a sound was heard, the very last that would have been expected in such a scene.

It was that of a laugh and a boyish voice, mingling with the grave yet sweet tones of a man borne along the mighty wings of the wind, and presently the speakers were in view.

Two figures on horseback, drenched to the skin, yet laughing and jesting with one another, heedless of the storm that howled around them.

"See, Herbert," said the elder, "they are expecting us at home."

And he pointed as he spoke to the lights flashing in the distance.

"My fair Gabrielle shall pay me well for the mad freak that sent me out on such a day."

"It was too bad," replied Herbert, "on your bridal eve of all others; but never mind, Guy. We shall be home soon now, and bright eyes are awaiting us. Gabrielle is, no doubt, as impatiently looking for your return as you are to greet her; and my little Alice——"

The other laughingly interrupted him with:

"Your little Alice! Why, what can you know of love? You are but a boy!"

Though his words sounded sarcastic, there was such a volume of tender affection in his tone that his young brother could not take umbrage, though he answered that, young as he was, his love was as strong as Guy's own.

They rode on in silence for some minutes, then drew rein, and gazed across the stormy ocean.

"How different," said Guy, "is nature's aspect to the workings of my mind! There," —and he pointed to the sea and sky,—"there all is gloom and desolation. And I—what want I? Wealth, rank, and loving friends have I, and, above all, Gabrielle, who would make life bright to me, were all the others lost. Bright, glorious Gabrielle, is mine!"

And the tone in which he spoke her name would alone have told the intense love he felt for the fair girl he called his own.

Little recked he of the vengeful fate that was already on his track.

Herbert's horse, impatient as its master to reach its home, suddenly started, and in so doing touched the other one, which reared, and the next instant horse and rider were hid in the foaming torrent beneath.

Spellbound, Herbert stood for one instant, then spurring his steed forward, was in another instant on the sea beach by the little village; the next, he was unfastening the chain that held his own little boat to its moorings, when a voice near him said:

"What are you about, sir? That boat will never live in such a sea."

"It must—it shall!" he answered, half choked by the intensity of his emotion. "My brother is in there."

And he pointed to the spot where Guy was battling manfully with the waves.

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the man. "It's Master Guy! How came he there?"

"There is no time for explanation," said Herbert, impatiently. "Help me to unfasten this boat."

"'Tis no use, sir. It will never——"

"Do as I tell you!" cried Herbert.

But instead of replying, the man gave two or three ringing shouts, which were answered by a light, first in one window, then another, and presently the whole village was awake, and the major part came flocking down to the beach with lanterns and torches, surprised by the unusual noise.

Herbert was half-mad by this time, and would have plunged into the waves to rescue his brother, had not friendly hands, knowing the inutility of such a step, held him back.

What a scene it was!

Those who witnessed it remembered it to their dying day, and oft in the silent hours of the night would shudder as the memory of it crossed their minds.

The group of half-dressed villagers, with dismayed and frightened looks, holding aloft their torches, which flickered in the rain and wind, straining their vision to the utmost to catch a sight of that figure in the water.

Herbert, in the midst of a sympathising group, making gigantic efforts to break from their restraining grasp, straining every nerve to reach that dear brother, "so near and yet so far," now commanding them to release him, threatening vengeance of every kind, anon imploring them, by everything they held dear, to save his brother, their master's son.

They would have needed no incentive to save him, for the Squire and his family were dear to every heart in that little village; but they knew their aid would be in vain.

Down many a rough and furrowed cheek tears were trickling as they witnessed that poor boy's agony.

The ruddy glare from their torches gleamed across the sea, just reaching the spot where Guy was struggling with death.

Brave of heart and stout of limb, he had ever been an expert swimmer; but in such a sea, encumbered by his heavy riding-cloak, and numbed by the intense cold, he had no chance.

Fainter and fainter grew his efforts, weaker and weaker his limbs, till, quite exhausted, he sank to rise no more.

As he disappeared, Herbert fell back senseless in the arms of those around him.

His spirit had flown to rejoin that of his brother.

At the moment the two spirits left the earth, the village clock struck ten.

About an hour after, and while they were yet debating how they should break the sad news to the Squire, the cruel waves flung the body of Guy upon the shore.

A mournful procession was formed, which slowly wended its way to Craigie House, where the mirth and music seemed a mockery to the mourners as they neared it.

* * * * *

Truly it was a gay and brilliant scene that Christmas Eve ball at Squire Levison's.

All that exquisite taste could desire, and unlimited wealth procure, was there.

Myriads of soft, gleaming, waxen lights illumined the scene, rich music swelled through the spacious rooms, splendid exotics perfumed the air, while fair women and courtly men moved, as it were, in a terrestrial paradise.

Apart from the glittering scene, in the recess of a large window, half hidden by the curtain, stood a fair girl, over whose pure white brow an anxious glance was occasionally seen to pass as she raised her eyes to the stormy sky.

Presently she was joined by a blithe-looking maiden, flushed and panting from the dance.

"Are they late?" she asked, interrupting the anxious look.

"No, Alice," answered the other; "they could scarcely have returned before this, but I feel rather nervous. I wish I had not asked Guy to go."

"Why did you, then?" abruptly exclaimed Alice. "Surely a ring more or less would make no material difference to your bridal dress to-morrow—surely not worth while sending Guy out on such a stormy day; and Herbert, too!" she added, in rather a complaining tone. "I have not had one nice waltz this evening. There is no one can waltz like Herbert."

"I think no one does anything as well as Herbert in your eyes; nor Alice in Herbert's."

"'Tis the same with you and Guy," retorted Alice.

"But then," said Gabrielle, simply, "we are to be married to-morrow."

"And so shall we be some day," said Alice, blushing; and laid her head on Gabrielle's shoulder as she told her cherished secret.

Such a pretty little tale of innocent love it was; how that when they both were children and devoted playmates they had vowed that in the wondrous unknown future, pregnant with joyful anticipation fruitful, with promise, they would be married.

"And then," said Alice, "I went to school in France, and did not see Herbert for seven years. One year after I had been there I had nearly forgotten all about him, and never thought of him at all till the invitation to spend this Christmas at Craigie's Thorpe arrived; then I remembered my promise, and wondered if Herbert also recollected it, and felt rather ashamed to meet him."

"And, when you did meet?" said Gabrielle.

"Oh, then," said Alice, "I felt quite at my ease, for he did not seem to remember at all."

"Had he forgotten you, then, Alice?"

"No; but he said I was my own rival, and that he was in love with my own little self until he saw my big self; and he was so kind and good to me when, in consequence of my foreign education, I seemed quite a stranger in my own country, that I could not help loving him; but I cannot think why he loves me," she said, glancing up shyly at Gabrielle.

Gabrielle smiled, but said nothing; she felt no wonder that the pretty little maiden, with the bright, open countenance, and loving, truthful, hazel eyes, should be the idol of a brave, true heart like Herbert's; there was something so pure and holy in this boy-and-girl love, that it almost seemed to Gabrielle as if some of the glory had departed from her own womanly affection for Guy.

And when did he tell you this, Alice?"

"Only this morning, and now you have sent him away! Oh, Gabrielle! why did you just for the sake of a ring?"

"Shall I tell you the history of that ring, Alice?"

"Oh, pray do!" said Alice. "I was sure some mystery was connected with it, or you would not, against all our wishes, have persuaded Guy to go.

"Come in the library, then."

And the two girls stole from the room, and snugly seated by a glowing fire in the handsome library, Gabrielle began as follows:

"That ring was given me by mother but a few hours before her death, telling me a sad story connected with it.

"My father was of a violent temper and jealous disposion, and one day after he had given my mother the very ring he saw it on the finger of a favorite cousin of my mother's, who had placed it on his finger in sport, and then forgotten to remove it before he left the house.

"Hurt and indignant at my father's tone in demanding an explanation, he refused to give one.

"From that hour my mother knew no happiness.

"My father was never convinced of my mother's innocence, and, after years of indifference and neglect, on his death-bed forgave her for a crime she had never comitted; and yet," continued Gabrielle, "how she loved him!

"This ring, though the cause of all her misery, she looked upon as the last relic of his love for her, and as such treasured it. With her latest breath she gave it to me, charging me never to part with it, saying her spirit was in it, and would guard and shield me ever from evil!

"I felt that my marriage could not be properly consecrated without I had that ring, her last dying gift, on my finger.

"When it snapped in the dance the other night I felt it an omen that our future would not be bright, and how could I refuse, though all tried to persuade me differently, when Guy offered to take it to Melsham to be repaired?

"But it is time they returned. Hark! the clock is striking ten; and here they are!" she cried—for Guy and Herbert were standing by her side. "I did not see you enter."

With a fond greeting and many an endearing word, Guy placed the ring on her finger; and then, when she would have returned to the ball-room, begged her to stay for a time with him.

Herbert and Alice had already decided on remaining there, and the four sat talking for an hour, while above loudly swelled the strains of rich music though the brilliant ball-room; the dance went gaily; silvery laughter gushed from rosy lips:

"And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hark! a deep sound strikes as a rising knell."

In silence—dismayed silence—that glittering crowd had stopped.

A shriek so shrill and piercing had rung through the mansion, that every heart stood still to listen, and fair cheeks became whiter.

Gabrielle and Alice turned to their lovers as their natural protectors, but they were no longer there.

A fear, wild and indefinable, seized Gabrielle, and she hurried onward to the hall, to which the crowd seemed tending, and there, on a hastily-constructed bier, she saw the bodies of Guy and Herbert.

Let us drop the curtain over that scene of woe and desolation—that home so suddenly bereft of all its brightness, changed so quickly from the abode of joy and happiness to grief and misery.

Some twenty years have passed since then and though Craigie mansion still bears its name, it is, alas! a mass of ruins.

Sir Geoffrey and his wife could no longer live in the home that was once so happy and now so desolate, and where they had been deprived of all that had made life bright to them.

A few years' weary sojourn in a foreign land, and their spirits fled to rejoin those they had loved on earth.

Alice for a time was bereft of reason; but with tender and judicious care she recovered. She married one who proved a loving, kind husband to her; but though joy and happiness were around her, years never quite effaced the memory of that sad episode of her girlhood, and tears would start unbidden to her eyes when some chance word uttered by the brave boys and gentle girls that clustered round her knee recalled Herbert to her memory.

And Gabrielle, she did not die, though for a time life trembled in the balance.

She had early learnt how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

She lived, doing her duty serenely and quietly.

She was rarely seen to smile.

Bravely had she wrestled with her grief, and came forth from the trial purer in nature, if such could be, and by deeds of kindness and charity strove to find peace and content.

But on one subject all deem her mad, for she still insists that Guy was by her side for an hour on that dreadful night.

No argument, no reasoning will convince her differently.

She sweetly smiles, but, oh! so sadly, that one is inclined rather to respond by a tear than by an answering smile; and points to the ring upon her finger as proof; and there it still glitters, but how it came there no one has yet discovered.

There was perfect silence as the Doctor finished.

"Was it never accounted for?" at last asked the timid voice from the chimney corner.

"No, never! No clue, no trace was ever found. The jeweller deposed to having delivered the ring to Guy."

"But," said the obstinate one, "it must have been discovered; there are no such things as ghosts!"

"'Twas very strange," replied the timid one. And the party broke up.

His Punishment.

BY HENRY FRITH.

DEMAREST sat back in his chair, his legs crossed comfortably, his elbows resting on the velvet-cushioned armrests, his finger-tips lightly touching each other, a slight smile on his face that was sarcastic enough to vex Cicely almost past endurance.

Demarest always wore just that same grandly superior look whenever Cicely's friend Dorian and she were together, in Demarest's presence, and as usual, to-night, Cicely's eyes began to flash, for all she controlled her voice so admirably in the last duet she and Dorian sang.

After she had said good night, she went in from the piazza, whither she had accompanied Dorian, straight back to the chair where Demarest sat.

"Do you know I think you are just as—mean—as you—can be, Chauncey Demarest?"

She was provoked, but was trying to show more anger than she actually felt—a rather difficult thing for any woman to do where Chauncey Demarest was concerned with his lazy, smiling, sarcastic eyes handsome face that even Phillip Dorian's betrothed wife admired and was influenced by as much as the rest of the women.

Demarest was conceited, as all handsome men are bound to be, but it was in such a charming, masterful way that rather added to than detracted from his popularity; and just now, never stirring from his lazy, comfortable position, he looked boldly back in Cicely's half-angry, half-smiling eyes.

"Miss Vere, you don't mean it."

"Don't I? Well, I do then, most positively, most emphatically, and I repeat it—you are awfully mean!"

His handsome mouth curved in a smile.

"I think you are cruel.

"I know you are engaged to that young cub, but, all the same you are cruel to me, Cicely Vere, because you know I love you better than he does, or knows how."

Cicely raised her eyebrows in expressive incredulity, the lovely eyes tantalizingly saucy in their mock gravity.

"Really, I hardly know what you mean, Mr. Demarest."

"No? don't you? I suppose if you trans-

lated that in plain English it would read thus—that you are a little astonished to find that after leading me a desperate flirtation for six months, you discover I am in earnest about—as much as yourself."

How handsome and impudent he looked, and Cicely thought so as she laughed back at him.

"Well," she said, sancily, "you certainly don't look as though you were suffering the pangs of an unrequited affection."

He rose from the chair, leisurely.

"But I assure you I am. My heart is shriveled as hopelessly as a smoked mackerel—and there is nobody but yourself to blame."

He looked at her, the jesting tone, and words, and manner only hiding the intense deeper feeling both of them knew each experienced

Cicely laughed—a little, distrait laugh, and turned away and sat down on the piano-stool, idly striking a chord or so.

Demarest walked after her, and leaned his elbow on the end of the piano, looking her squarely in the face, that was drooped so that her eyes did not meet his, until a peremptory little pronunciation of her name sent the warm blood in her cheeks, and made her lift her eyes.

"Cicely! There must be child's play between us no longer.

"What shall you do with Philip Dorian? You are promised to be his wife—and we love each other."

He spoke rapidly, passionately, and with that masterfulness that Cicely Vere admired above all things in a man, and that Philip Dorian lacked utterly.

He went almost fiercely on, without giving her time to answer.

"Do you think I will let such a man as he is take my happiness from me?

"You shall be my wife, Cicely, for I love you, and you love me.

"And I think I am generous in not making you tell me you do."

A strange confession of love, but it suited her, and thrilled her to her very soul, and all the rich color flickered and waved in her face, as she looked up at him.

"I will tell you though, Chauncey, but I must marry Philip.

"It has been arranged so long, ever since that horrible day he saved my life when the yacht went down, and not a soul escaped alive but Philip and I."

Demarest's lip curled, in spite of the pathos of her voice.

"He was a greater coward to make you pay for your life by giving it to him than if he had let you die.

"Oh, my darling, give him up for me, for me!"

The passionate persuasion in his voice was inexpressibly sweet, and all the smiling bon-hommie of his face had given place now to intense eagerness.

Cicely paled—she could not cut Dorian adrift; he was not a man who would be jilted by a woman.

Their engagement was of four years' duration, and Dorian had told her, only that same day, that his business affairs were in a state that warranted him in begging her to name an early day for their wedding.

He was not a grandly imperious man with a woman he loved, as Demarest was, but he was slow, persistent, almost dogged in his unwearied determination to accomplish what he purposed—and four years he had purposed to marry Cicely Vere, the charming young girl whom he had rescued from drowning when the "Wild Rose" went down.

And he wanted her for his wife, because she was a woman to be proud of, because she was lovely to look at, because she was grateful to him, and—because she was rich.

And Chauncey Demarest knew all this, knew that in her gratitude Cicely Vere would wreck her earthly happiness and his own; knew what she did know, or at least suspected, that Dorian would never have begged Miss Vere to bestow the life he had saved for her, if she had been—well one of the chambermaids whom nobody tried to save in that awful moment.

A day or so after that brief conversation between Demarest and Cicely, Mr. Dorian went away from the hotel, back to his office in Wall Street, where he would coin money when once he had his wife's capital to start on, and then Demarest and Cicely ceased their devotion to each other, for they were too honorable to take advantage of their opportunities.

Once Demarest had said to her he would never give her up, and she had been confused, and startled, and dismayed, and told him she should marry the man she had promised to marry, unless he gave her up of his own free will and accord.

"Which is remarkably likely any man in his senses would do," Demarest answered hotly.

But they did not very often speak of it; and one day Cicely went to him as he stood looking moodily out on the flashing waves, and told him something.

"I want to be congratulated, Chauncey. What a narrow escape I have had, only think, last week my guardian transferred all my funds from the St. Laurence Bank to the Elberonda, and yesterday the St. Laurence bursted. Just to think!"

But Demarest did not congratulate her.

"I wish you had lost every dollar you possess in the world!"

She looked at him wonderingly; he returned the look positively.

"I mean just that—if you had lost every dollar Philip Dorian would give you up."

Then her eyes twinkled.

"But 'no man in his senses would,'" she said.

He laughed.

"That's fair, Cicely. But see here"—and he became grave and earnest—"will you do something for me?"

"I certainly will, if I can."

"There is no doubt but that you can, if you choose.

"Write a letter to Dorian, and let me dictate it, and promise me I may see the answer. Will you?"

She shook her head dubiously.

"I would rather hear the dictation first," she said cautiously.

He repeated it hastily—only a request that Dorian would be so kind as to make all possible inquiries into the St. Laurence bank failure, and ascertain if possible if anything would be saved from the wreck.

She agreed, and the letter was forwarded by the next mail, and two days afterwards Cicely sent a message for Mr. Demarest to come to her aunt's parlor at a certain time.

And she handed him a letter, and stepped away while he read it.

A letter from Philip Dorian in which he requested his release from his engagement to her on one side the sheet, and on the other, as if it was an afterthought, a few curt words of reply to her question of the St. Laurence—that the unlucky depositors would lose every dollar.

Poor Cicely!

Demarest looked at her, with a face that was almost cruelly radiant—did she really care for him?

"If you will only let me be thankful," he said humbly, as he followed her to the window and made her turn her face towards him.

"Cicely, you surely are not so grieved as this? You have been crying."

"Crying! I should think so, oh Chauncey, I never was so mortified in my life! I believe I just hate him!"

Then he laughed, so joyously.

"Of course you do—but I love him, Cicely. Now because you are so angry and mortified, you know, it will be very proper for me to administer a punishment he will never forget, or get over.

"And I'll do it, Cicely, if you will only say so."

"Punish him? I don't see how you can."

"But I do," he answered, taking her hands captive, and looking at her in a way that brought the roses to her cheeks.

"Do you?" he asked hesitatingly. "How?"

"By marrying you, my darling. May I?"

And since he took her close against his heart the moment after, it is to be supposed that Cicely consented to Dorian's punishment, and when a few weeks afterwards Mrs. Chauncey Demarest, in her husband's elegant carriage, passed him on the street, you would have said, if you had seen his face, that he was most successfully punished.

The Wedding Cloud.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

BESSIE BURTON swept and dusted her tiny parlor, brightened the fire and made it even more cheerful than usual—and Bessie was always tidy, for this was the anniversary of Bessie's wedding-day, and she meant to make it a holiday.

Just one short, happy year she had kept house for John Burton—big broad-shouldered, good-natured John, whose sunny blue eyes had never yet turned an angry look to Bessie's fair face, whose sweet mouth (yes, John had a splendid tawny mustache and he never used tobacco) had never given her one cross word yet.

A busy, helpful little bee had Bess herself been, for nobody's hearth was brighter, nobody's table was neater, nobody's little wife was more cheery than John Burton's, and neither of them had ever repented the day when they were made one.

Mrs. Bess had a little secret from John, though, to-day.

After her work was done up, and the table set ready for the dinner which was already hissing and bubbling on the stove, she paid a visit to the little bedroom off the parlor, where she always put her company to sleep, and where John hardly ever went.

And there spread out upon the snowy bed was Mrs. Bessie's gift to John—a gorgeous dressing gown of maroon-colored cashmere, faced with a darker shade of maroon velvet and lined with the skirts of Bessie's wedding blue silk dress.

It was all done now except the last button-hole.

Bessie had made it herself, because the materials had cost about six dollars, and she didn't think she could afford two or three more for making.

She was delighted with her success, for it was quite an undertaking for a new hand.

She finished the buttonhole, fastened the cord and tassels securely, and then laid it back upon the bed, and looked at it with an admiring gaze.

"I'm glad it looks so nice," she thought, her bright brown eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"It's all ready now to give him when he comes home at noon.

"I wonder what he'll give me? Something, of course, but he can't afford so costly a present as this.

"I couldn't either, if I hadn't made it myself, and took my dear old wedding-dress for lining, and saved every penny I could from the housekeeping money.

"I meant to take the sovereign and go this very night to Patti's concert, but when I found I couldn't spare any more I was bound to make John a wrapper, anyhow. Now I must run and hurry up dinner before the old darling comes.

"I'll not say a word till he does, I'll make believe I haven't even remembered what day it is until he speaks of it, and then I'll surprise him."

The bedroom door was carefully shut, and the little tripping feet went out to the kitchen, and made light, busy steps from pantry to cellar and back again, until the cosy little dinner, with some of John's favorite dishes was all ready.

She put the last shining spoon upon the table as the click of the gate-latch told her that John was coming, even before his quick, firm tread came round to the side door.

She met him with her rosy mouth lifted, and as John gave her a hasty kiss, he cried:

"Hallos, Bess, dinner smells good! I'm as hungry as a hunter."

He threw off his coat and began to wash at the little stand in the sitting-room, which was also their bedroom, as the house was small, while Bessie went into the kitchen to dish up the warm dishes waiting upon the hearth.

There was a pretty little pout on Bessie's red mouth, and she thought, "I think he might have said something more than that! I wonder if he has forgotten what day it is? Oh, surely, he hasn't; maybe he is only tired and hungry; after he has had his dinner, he will say something. I won't till he does."

So they sat down, and Bessie poured out John's coffee, under the genial influence of which he was soon quite lively, and chatted in good spirits.

But not a syllable did he drop about the day, and, as he grew merry, Bessie's pretty face grew sober.

When dinner was over, he lingered a little, and Bessie, seeing she was not going to have the chance she wanted, was silent, and gave only the briefest answers to what he said.

At last John noticed it, and spoke somewhat shortly himself.

"Bess, what's the mater?" he asked, "you seem out of temper about something. What is it?"

"There's nothing the matter with me!" answered Mrs. Bessie, tartly.

"Then what in the world makes you look sour?" persisted John.

"I suppose I've a right to look as I please!" snapped Bessie, angry and disappointed beyond measure at being now convinced that John had utterly forgotten the day.

"Oh, of course. Only I don't know as you need to be so snappish about it," retorted John.

"It's nobody's business but my own, anyhow," unwisely said Bessie, with sparkling eyes and red cheeks.

"To be sure; only if I'd known I was going to be served with vinegar and gooseberries I believe I'd have dined in town, instead of hurried home in spite of business."

"I think you're a perfect brute!" sobbed Bessie, bursting into tears.

"Am I? Oh, well then, I'll take myself off, and not come back till you got in a better humor."

And away went John, banging the door after him, while Bessie, allowing her dishes to stand unwashed and the fire to die out, flung herself on the sofa, and cried bitterly for half-an-hour.

But the house must be kept clean if the sky falls, or people cry their eyes out.

After a while Bessie got up, brightened the fire, washed the dishes, tidied the house, and dressed herself for the afternoon, as she always did.

Then she sat sadly down, alone in her little parlor, and sighed as she sewed to think the day she had meant to make so happy should have turned out so badly.

"How could I call my noble John a brute?" she murmured, scolding herself bitterly. "To think we never had any cross words before, and to begin to-day of all days in the world—it was too bad. To be sure I do wish he had remembered; but then men don't think of these things as women, and I know John does love me.

"Why couldn't I, instead of scolding, just have said—'John, dear, don't you know this is our wedding-day?' and then I know he would have said something nice, the dear, old fellow, and then I'd have brought out the wrapper, and we would have been. My fault, too, for being such a baby. Oh, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry! Well, I can try to make up for it. I'll be as pleasant as I can when he comes home, and I'll give him my present and tell him I'm sorry."

Having come to this wise conclusion, Mrs. Bess flew around and had supper all ready in a short time.

And when John came home, just at sunset, the first sight which met his eyes was Bessie's sober little face, watching for him at the front window.

But she smiled as she saw him, and when he opened the door a very sweet Bessie was standing there to meet him.

"Hallos Bess!" (this was careless John's usual greeting) says he, taking her into his arms. "All right now, is it?"

"Yes, John. Do forgive me for being so cross," she whispered.

"No, no," says John; "we won't talk about forgiving. I suspect I was as cross as you were. We'll just not be cross any more. But say, Bess, what was the row?"

"Nothing, John, only—you forgot what day it was to-day."

"Oh, was that it? Why, no, I didn't. I had a nice little surprise for you, but I meant to keep all mum till evening, and then come out in grand style. Look here—here's our wedding-treat, and John pulled from his pocket a couple of tickets for the Patti concert, and held them out to her.

"Oh, John!" cried Bessie. "The grand concert! How nice of you! I wanted to go so bad, but I thought we couldn't afford it."

"We will this once. And look here, pet; here's what I bought you to wear."

He drew forth a tiny case, and opening it displayed a lovely, twinkling pair of ear-drops, just what Bessie's soul was longing to have hanging in her pretty ears.

"Oh, oh John!" taking two "ohs!" to express her delight this time. "And I thought you had forgotten all about it."

Then she thanked him in a very emphatic squeeze and a shower of kisses, and then she said:

"Well, I guess I'll not get the only present either. Come, see what I have made for you."

She marched him to the little room where the gorgeous wrapper was spread out upon the white bed, and presented it in grand style.

It was a perfect fit when tried on, and it was a perfect surprise besides, and if "all's well that ends well," the wedding-day was a happy one at last, spite of the tiny cloud which overshadowed its morning.

But then if careless John had given Bessie just a word of remembrance early there need have been no cloud at all.

See the moral of that, John?

Scientific and Useful.

HENS EATING EGGS.—A correspondent of the *Tribune and Farmer* says in regard to hens eating eggs:—"My hens did the thing, and I got some clams shells and heated them in the oven, and cracked them for my hens, and they stopped eating their eggs."

VACCINATION.—Vaccination properly conducted is now unquestionably the best preventive of small pox epidemics. But it must be remembered that impure lymph may charge the body with diseases to which death itself is preferable. If physicians could be held to a stricter accountability there would be little trouble in making the practice of vaccination more general.

AN ELECTRICAL PIANO.—A recent invention is the electrical piano. An ordinary instrument is provided with two sets of hammers. The supper electrical series comes into action when certain keys are pressed, and the corresponding hammers go on striking the wire at a quick rate, so long as pressure continues, giving an organ-like effect.

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—The following is the *Scientific American's* remedy for lockjaw. It is certainly very simple and easily tried: Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it over the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

Farm and Garden.

WATERING HORSES.—One thing in the treatment of work horses in hot weather we are disposed to deprecate, viz.—the custom of watering them three times a day and no more. It is simply cruelty on the part of a man toward his beasts, to compel them to plow or mow from early morning until noon, or from noon until night without allowing them the privilege of a refreshing draught.

BLUE GRASS PASTURE.—Blue grass flourishes best in strong, lime-stone soils. Before sowing, the land should be made very rich, and the surface should be finely pulverized. It starts very slowly, and requires three or four years to develop fully. Owing to the length of time required to get a perfect stand of this grass, it is always best to sow with it white clover and orchard grass, in about these proportions: Six quarts of blue grass, eight pounds of clover and one bushel of orchard grass to the acre. The blue grass in time will take possession of and crowd out the other grasses, at which time you will have a most excellent and enduring pasture.

THE CURRANT WORM.—The standard remedy for the currant worm is a tea made of the powdered leaves of the white hellebore, which, if the leaves are fresh, is sure death to the worm, and not dangerous to man. The hellebore may be bought at any first-class drug store: to make the decoction add a heaping tablespoonful of the powder to a gallon of boiling water, and when partly cool add three gallons of strong soap suds: apply with a whisk broom, so as to get it on the under side of the leaves, as there is where the worms chiefly work. Be sure to examine the bushes early and often, else they will be denuded before you know it. One or two applications at the right time will keep them clear.

HOW TO COOK RICE.—Rice is becoming a much more popular article of food than heretofore. It is frequently substituted for potatoes at the chief meal of the day, being more nutritious and much more readily digested. At its present cost, it is relatively cheaper than potatoes, oatmeal or grain-grits of any kind. In preparing it only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning on the bottom of the pot, which should have a close-fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed rather than boiled until it is nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the usual soggy mass, as a fine mealy potato is superior to the water-soaked article.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 8, 1882.

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"THE BROKEN RING."

In this issue of THE POST we begin a new story, under the above title. When we announce that it is by the author of "From Gloom to Sunlight," and other favorite serials that have appeared in our columns, we feel assured that we have said all that is necessary to secure it the close and delighted attention of our readers.

INDIVIDUALITY.

There is much beauty in the union of opposites. The gentleness of strength, the victory of submission, the gain of sacrifice, the power of patience, the sweetness of suffering, the grandeur of self-suppression, the piquancy of plainness; who has not inwardly acknowledged a constraining, though subtle, influence in all these?

In our hurrying days, however, there is a form of anomaly wherein is no comeliness. We aim at greatness by means of littleness. We profess to reach wide views through narrow grooves. We would go up to heaven in a whirlwind before we have lifted our eyes from earth, or even from self. Noble objects, large designs, liberal interpretations, freedom in the length, breadth, depth, and height of thought, word, and deed, are the outcry.

But how often do these words really mean a keen following of self-will—each man his own—the indulgence of his individuality, the ignoring of his neighbor's! Yet can true and abiding greatness ever spread over the world until each form of life, each power of the mind, each chord of the heart, each note of the spirit, be remembered, and fostered, and listened for?

Surely, from the recognizing, cherishing training of all individuality are amassed the moral and intellectual wealth of the world! The noblest character is produced by full development, the exercising of all faculties, while remaining ever ready to control self, and bend to the law of love.

The best policy, as well as the soundest government, is to learn when to yield, equally as when to be firm; and, as far as lawful, so to seek out and assimilate to one's own, the special characteristics of others, as by all means to gain some. This brings out the better feelings of hearts and souls around, rouses, softens, strengthens. What treasures of memory, and affection, and trust, and faith are thus laid up! How it helps people again and again to turn back after sore fret or failure, and take up the higher line once more, staying themselves on what they have known, and can still hope for; feeling, in spite of bitterness or misunderstanding, how good it is only to love, and to lose self in that! Who could wish such unfolding to be checked, that they might be paramount?

A crisis may arrive, too, when our pride of physical or mental power shall be brought low, and we shall be dependent, for life or death, for honor or disgrace, on the will, or the learning, or the judgment of another. In such an hour, should we not recognize our safety and peace in knowing that, at least in our own sphere, we had promoted the enlightenment, the distinction, the pleasure, of all we could reach? and consequently could securely trust to their gifts and virtues, well practised in all happy and honored intelligence, but gratefully and efficiently put forth for the supply of that hour's failure in our own.

We often talk of being misunderstood; then, all the more, let us labor to understand others. The Garden of Paradise is filled with many flowers, all bright, and sweet, and joy-giving; but with individuality of bloom, of color, and of fragrance.

SANCTUM CHAT.

In Russia the sunflower has a practical, if not an æsthetical value. It is cultivated for the oil it yields. The oil is used in cooking as well as in lamps, and for making soap and paint.

—

FENCING is being introduced among indoor amusements for young women. It is said by experienced ones to give more grace of movement and pose than any exercise, not even excepting dancing.

—

AT North Wingfield, England, there is a tug of war concerning a pew, and the last comers lately placed themselves on the knees of those already there, and refused to budge at the rector's request. Pew wars are of the bitterest in England.

—

THE North Carolina church-goer who sang so loudly and discordantly in church as to annoy other worshippers, and was indicted as a nuisance, has won his case. The language of the Court is: "The disturbance of a congregation by singing, when the singer does not intend so to disturb it, but is conscientiously taking part in the religious services, may be a subject for the discipline of his church, but not indictable."

—

A PARIS journal of hygiene warns housekeepers against the use of a feather duster, instead of a wet cloth. The duster simply chases the particles from the furniture into the air, where they are inhaled. Dust is formed of innumerable quantities of spores, eggs and germs, as well as of inert matter. A flourish of the duster may set loose an assassinating germ. The dangerous particles attach themselves readily to the dampened cloth. The origin of many diseases is traceable to the mere specks which ought to be removed, and not simply stirred up.

—

SOME ways of young America are startling, and a notable example of them is furnished by the Iowa children who recently killed their father that they might have things their own way at home. The boy shot the unhappy parent, but it was arranged that the younger girl should acknowledge the crime, on a plea of self-defense, so that her extreme youth might save her. The whole affair was arranged and carried out with a fiendish coolness worthy of veteran criminals.

—

THE size of fans to be used at the seaside this season is enormous, some of them being as large as four feet in circumference. The most beautiful fans offered in the market are in mother of-pearl, in ivory, in elegant and expensive woods, with lace, embroidery, rare feathers, and other beautiful and costly ornaments. The old-fashioned palm-leaf fan is still sold and used as much as ever, and the Japanese fans, both round and folding, will be offered in the market, decorated in that unique manner customary with the Japs.

—

THE division among the German Baptists, or Dunkards, is caused by a desire on the one hand to maintain the laws and usages of the Church in all their strictness, and on the other hand to depart from them in the direction of worldliness. The laxity of the latter element, however, does not appear to be great, for at its first annual convention moustaches were prohibited, hair was forbidden to be parted, house-painting, except in dull color, was declared sinful, and any trimming on a dress was pronounced abominable.

—

ALTHOUGH an Emperor, the German Kaiser Wilhelm still clings to old habits to such an extent that the brownish-gray havelock, which he wears spring and fall on his drives he has had for twenty-five years, and still will not give up for a newer article. It is only very lately in good old German towns, however, that the ladies themselves left off wearing a dress for any change of fashion; they simply wore the good silk or woolen stuff as long as it lasted, and if that were half a life-time, so much the better. No wonder that Germany now goes bankrupt in the attempt to follow fashionable extravagance.

—

"IN some 'Thoughts by the Way,'" writes an English correspondent, "you recently described 'the awfully jolly girl' as the latest and, in some respects, the most appalling type of her sex. The other day in Richmond Park I came upon three or four of these epicene creatures, who were perhaps awful enough, but were by no means jolly. One wore a man's scarlet cricket cap. All had their hair cropped close, and all four carried heavy walking sticks. On inquiry, I was told that at Brighton and elsewhere it was quite common for young ladies to go about with walking-sticks and a convict's crop. Who are the men that these poor girls imagine they can attract by this ugly masquerade?"

—

A BREAKFAST such as had never before been served up in Berlin was lately set before the Director of the Aquarium, his family and some invited friends—scrambled snakes' eggs. From thirty of these the Director had the singular dish prepared in the presence of his guests. They were broken up into a frying-pan containing the requisite modicum of melted butter. The eggs have no yelk, but are filled with a grayish white liquid; the shells are neither hard nor brittle, as in birds' eggs, and, after being emptied of their contents, resembled pieces of leather. The taste of the savory dish was likened to that of mashed potatoes mixed with rice. All the guests but one partook heartily. An apparatus has recently been put up at the Aquarium for the artificial hatching of these eggs, and we may soon hear of native Berlin boa-constrictors.

—

THERE is a story going round in London circles to the effect that a lady, distinguished in that social world of which the Mansion House is the centre, committed a strange and almost inexcusable breach of etiquette on the occasion of the recent visit of the Queen to Epping Forest. The lady had to make a small presentation to Her Majesty, and instead of kissing the royal hand, she shook it vigorously! I never heard of but one other person who made a similar mistake—and that was a young student of Trinity College—now the staid vicar of a parish in Cheshire—whom nervousness overcame when he was first introduced to the presence of royalty. Hudson, we know, once offered his arm to the Queen; but Her Majesty, thinking doubtless that the "railway king" had matters on his mind more important than court etiquette, accepted it with smiling grace.

—

IT is not generally known that nearly all the male members of the imperial German house are well-trained and proficient artisans, and that the members of both sexes are accomplished in the fine arts. Both the Crown Princess and the Princess Frederick Charles might succeed as painters, and the former is skilful as a sculptress. Frederick William himself has been the designer of many a church and public building. Prince George, under the nom de plume of "Conrad," is a dramatist of considerable reputation. But it is music that has mostly occupied this royal house. Frederick the Great, in the darkest period that he experienced, played the flute, while his sister, the Princess Amelia, and the Prince Louis Ferdinand were good composers. The present Prince Albrecht is well known and admired for his compositions, and a growing formidable rival of his is the hereditary Prince of Meiningen. Four of the favorite military marches of the present day are said to be of royal origin.

—

THERE is an alleged invention of a German chemist by which woolen and cotton fabrics can be coated with a layer of dissolved silk and made to assume the glossy and soft appearance of actual silk goods. Experiments in a somewhat similar direction appear to have been made by a French chemist, who, however, coats his material with a thin layer of tin instead of silk. The modus operandi is described as follows: He first makes a mixture of zinc powder and dissolved albumen, which he spreads over the fabric by means of a brush, leaving it to dry, when the stuff is passed first through superheated steam, and afterwards through a solution of chloride of tin. By this means an exceedingly thin layer of tin is spread over the whole side of the fabric, which is thus rendered waterproof and protected against ordinary rough usage. The utility of the invention is not quite apparent, for probably few people would care to don garments in which they would bear a very close resemblance to animated kettles and tea-pots; though in the preparation of theatrical dresses, and even of the bright "trimmings" in which the female heart delights, the invention might find a limited application.

—

THE method by which the photograph of horses in motion have been taken—the result of years of experiment—is substantially as follows: At one side of the track is a long building arranged for photographic work, containing a battery of twenty-four cameras, all alike, and standing one foot apart. On the other side of the track is a screen of white muslin and a foot-board. The screen is marked with vertical and horizontal lines, and the foot-board bears numbers indicating separate intervals of one foot each. The instantaneous shutters of the cameras are operated by electricity, and their movement is governed by such powerful springs that the exposure is estimated to be about one five-thousandth of a second. The contact by which the shutters are sprung is made by the breaking of a thread drawn across the track at about the height of the horse's breast, there being one thread for each camera. In his flight through the air, therefore, he brings each of his twenty-four cameras to bear upon him at the moment when he passes in front of it, and that camera represents his position at that instant. The series of representations indicates the consecutive positions at each of the twenty-four feet covered by the instruments. In a series showing a horse trotting at full speed, the spokes of the sulky are shown as distinct lines quite to the felloe of the wheel, indicating an extremely short exposure. In a fast run, the tufts of the horse's tail, as it waves with his stride, are clearly marked.

THE LEAF IN THE BOOK.

BY A. G.

An ancient lady is my aunt,
A little old book has she,
A faded leaf in the old book lies,
Withered as leaf can be.

The hands are withered that plucked it once
For her on a day in spring;
What ails her now, the poor old soul,
That she weeps when she sees the thing?

Celia's Elixir.

BY PERCY VERE.

THE sunset's golden glory enveloped Margery Leland's little cottage home as it nestled at the foot of the hill; and its long lines of slanting yellow light touched up each one of the shining curls as though with a magic pencil, as she swayed dreamily to and fro in the red framed, cane-seat rocking-chair upon the porch.

The light vanished and all was grey-hued and sombre, and even so suddenly went the happy dreams which had been filling Margery's heart.

Some half hour previous Miss Celia Hynes had opened the garden-gate, and walked slowly up the path bordered with flowers sending out their sweetest fragrance at the approach of the dewy eventide.

"Good evening, Margery. Is ma at home?"

"Yes," said Margery, with ready courtesy, rising to greet the tall angular spinster. "Will you walk in?"

And she showed her into the sitting-room, and called her mother.

Then she stole softly out to her old position and to her pleasant thoughts, until a name attracted her attention—the name!

With a smile parting her sweet lips, and looking out of her great dreamy eyes, she bent forward to hear what pleasant thing Miss Hynes was saying about him—for Warren May was to Margery the synonym of all that was good and noble, and surely even the most carping critic could say nothing ill of him.

"So your daughter's got a beau, Mrs. Leland. Well I never! It seems only jest a year or two ago that she was running round catching butterflies with those chubby fingers of hers, and now she is after higher game."

How Margery's tender heart throbbed as she listened.

So others had noticed his attentions, and it was not imagination on her part—but at the next words her pleasure vanished.

"Now, Mrs. Leland," continued the sharp voice, "you must not take offence, for you know I have set great store by Margery ever since I nursed her through the fever, and she is just for all the world like my own flesh and blood, and something I heard yesterday set me to thinking first, and then coming down here to tell you."

What could it be?

Margery's fingers clenched themselves tightly in her impatience, and she held her breath so as not to lose a word.

"You know I board at the same place with that young May, and to say the truth; but that's neither here nor there as far as Margery is concerned, if he hasn't any serious intentions in his politeness to her, and I've heard it from his own lips.

"You see I overheard that editor, Sam Wells, teasing him about some lady, and you know it's easy to put two and two together, and young May spoke up, with a snap in those big black eyes of his—

"'You are mistaken; I am not engaged to the young lady, and have not the slightest intention of being.'

"Then Sam Wells said something more in an undertone; I didn't quite catch it, and May said sharper than ever—

"'I assure you, sir, the widow's daughter is too innocent to flirt with.'"

Margery waited to hear no more.

With flying steps she sought her own little room, locked the door, to be secure from the intrusion even of her dearly-beloved mother, and throwing herself on the bed, buried her face in its snowy pillows, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

The next day there was to be a church picnic, and Margery had thrown her whole energy into the preparations.

Such marvels of cake and pastry had grown under her nimble fingers for the delectation of the children.

Such aching muscles and tired wrists from the beating of eggs to the requisite foamy lightness for the making of delicious trifles, and such happy thoughts and fancies, for Warren was interested in the same Sunday-school, and they would be fellow-workers, and after that the delightful rambles through shady vistas in the woods that stretched at the back of the chosen site for the camping-ground.

Now all was changed.

It seemed to Margery, in her girlish sensitiveness and mortification at the thought of her name being thus bandied from lip to lip in the village (for if Miss Hynes knew of it, others surely would), as though she could not bear to meet her merry young friends lest her secret should be written upon her face.

But she would have died rather than have them think her the victim of unrequited love; so she steeled herself against her feelings, and went.

An unutterable scorn surged through her heart as she thought of Warren May's indignant denial of any meaning in his attentions to her.

What then was the signification of the words and looks which had caused a thrill of such new and strange happiness to permeate her whole being?

She had gone to the repository of her treasures—trifles in themselves, but rich in their precious meaning when given—the bud he had placed in her hair, whispering that she was "the sweetest rose-bud of the two," the bit of paper whereon the names in a game of consequence had been written, and in which Warren May and Margery Leland had been the leading characters in a series of comical adventures ending in marriage, and Warren had stolen an opportunity to whisper unobserved among the gleeful laughter—

"May it come true within a twelvemonth!"

His notes, too, full of those sweet nothings, interesting only to a loving maiden's heart.

They should all go together in one fiery holocaust, and with them the happy hopes and fancies which had gilded her life with such delusive radiance of late, should fade away into ashes.

He should not know of her pain.

She would be the gayest of the gay when they met, no matter what tortures she might suffer afterwards.

As though to aid in carrying out her designs, Reuben Gilman, the squire's son had come home from college, and as Margery made her appearance, looking all the prettier for the heightened color upon her cheeks, and for the feverish brilliance of her restless dark eyes (the only visible traces of her mental suffering), he stepped to her side with sudden interest and claimed her attention as an old friend.

Margery, usually as retiring and bashful as a snow-drop, received him with a vivacity and *empressement* which pleased, while it surprised him, and from that time until the day ended, he constituted himself her devoted attendant.

Warren May came a little later, and as usual made his way at once to Margery's side.

To his surprise she recognised him with a cool little nod and gave him no further notice, becoming at once engrossed with Reuben, and quietly listening to him as though, like to the ancient dame in the fairy tale, she expected to see jewels dropping from his lips with every word.

Warren waited patiently for a time, evidently expecting to assume his old position by Margery; but instead she accepted Reuben's invitation for a ramble, and they were soon out of sight in the shady recesses of the woods.

Warren looked after them, listening to the silvery ripple of laughter which occasionally rang out from Margery's lips.

At last when he could see them no longer he turned away.

"After all," he thought, bitterly, "she is like the rest of her sex. I believed her as transparent in her guileless innocence as a drop of dew, and as free from coquetry as a baby. How has the sweet delusion vanished!"

With this sweeping conclusion he tried to banish his disappointment but in vain.

If returned with every thought of the sweet face which had lured him from his offices and from a pressing law case, to bask in its winsome light, and which had then proved to him such a veritable "Will-o'-the-wisp."

Many a pair of bright eyes smiled a welcome at the handsome young lawyer as he sauntered leisurely along, but he contented himself with a pleasant greeting, and soon left the grounds.

"Our promising young lawyer seems to have tired of the scene and gone home," said Reuben, laughingly. "I wonder much at his taste. There are crowds of pretty girls here even if I have monopolized the queen of the *fete*," with a meaning look at Margery; for he had heard the report connecting Warren's name with that of Margery, and had formed a shrewd guess as to the cause of his absence.

The girl did not respond in the piquant, sprightly way which had made her society so fascinating to the young squire through the (to him) swiftly-flying hours.

An intense longing filled her heart to be again in Warren's presence.

She had kept up her *role* of a frivolous light-hearted girl, and had responded gaily to Reuben's compliments.

She had gone to the picnic, fully intending to act a part foreign to her ingenuous open nature, for she would have died sooner than show her wounds.

But the interminable day had dragged slowly on, and never again would she expose herself to such suffering.

After this she stayed at home so persistently that it soon grew to be a subject of comment in the village.

Then it began to be rumored about that she was going into a decline.

Once it was mentioned at the table where, among other boarders, Miss Hynes and Warren May were seated.

"I declare to goodness," said Miss Hynes, "I can't for the life of me see through things! There that's old are left to wither on the tree, and there's the prettiest young thing in the whole place a going as quick as you'd snuff out a tallow candle. Poor little Margery! I've knowed her and loved her since she was knee-high to a grasshopper."

Warren's face changed as he turned towards Miss Hynes.

"Did I understand you to say that it is little Margery Leland who is in failing health."

"Yes," with a scornful sniff and a severe look at the questioner; "that's what you heard. Poor dove! Broken hearts ain't as easy mended as some may think. Anyway I'm glad I done my duty. I warned her ma. I haven't much opinion of them that wheedles a girl's tender little heart out of her keeping, and then drops off like that!" with a forcible snap of her bony fingers.

The irate spinster so evidently meant battle that Warren flushed and was silent.

It was no time to discuss a question in which a young girl's name had been mentioned, but he meant to know the truth.

There must be something underlying Miss Hynes' bitter words.

So he waited until the rest of the boarders had left the room; then he turned to her:

"For Heaven's sake tell me what you know, Miss Hynes! Whose heart is broken, and what have I to do with it?

"Your manner seems to connect me with Miss Leland's illness; but as Heaven is my witness, I would willingly die to save her one pang!"

"Sakes alive, young man, do you mean to tell me that?

"Why, any one with half an eye could see that the gal set the world by you; and yet you dropped off all of a sudden, and left her pine like a picked posy."

"You are mistaken, Miss Hynes," was the grave answer.

"Miss Margery has scarcely spoken to me since the day of the picnic.

"How I have offended her I know not; the fault does not rest with me.

"It may be that some mischief-maker has been at work.

"You know they can manufacture stories out of very little foundation."

"Let me see. 'Twas the very night before that picnic that I spoke to her ma. Can it be?" and the gossip-loving but well-meaning spinster absolutely turned a yellowish-white at the thought.

"Yes! Sakes to mercy, young man, I'm that miserable being. I've done the damage, I'm afraid! The girl must have took fire at what I told her ma. I says," turning suddenly and confronting Warren, "do you remember, here in this very room, a saying to Sam Wells that you 'wasn't engaged, and didn't mean to?" And then when he laughed and said something else, do you remember how you burst out, 'No, sir; it is not so!

"The widow's daughter is too innocent to flirt with?' I just wanted to put the girl's mother on her guard, and I told her. If I've done any harm I'm sorry, and will try to undo it."

Warren thought for a moment before he could recall the conversation.

Then he said sternly:

"If the precise words of Mr. Wells, and my true answer had been correctly repeated no harm would have been done, Miss Hynes; but as usual a half-true version has been carried to Miss Margery's ears.

"Mr. Wells asked me if I was engaged to Miss Farren, my law-partner's sister, and I answered emphatically, 'No; that I had not thought of such a thing.'

"Then he said, 'How about the reported flirtation with the widow's daughter? Is it so?'

"And I answered imperatively in the negative, and gave my reason for it."

"Then I'm a miserable old creature, and shall be till I make it perfectly right between you and poor little Margery, and that will be before twenty-four hours, or my name's not Celia Hynes!

"I'll take the elixir of hope down to her this very night."

She kept her word; and Margery brightened at her explanation, like a drooping flower at the restoration of the sunlight and dew.

Before many days she had recovered sufficiently to see Warren.

As he came into the room, a faint color fluttered up into her pale cheeks.

She put out her hand.

"I am glad to see you," said she.

Then her sweet childish lips began to quiver.

With a sudden uncontrollable impulse the young man gathered the tender little thing to his heart.

"Oh, Margery," he whispered, "I have longed for you as a man dying of thirst longs for the cooling spring.

"Will you be my wife? Then I shall be sure of you?"

The murmured answer was inaudible, for she had hidden her face upon his breast; but Warren was satisfied.

He knew that Margery loved him.

Unable to Answer.

BY J. B. H.

I WAS engaged to Margaret Sheppard, and I thought myself the luckiest man living.

Margaret was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and one did not weary of her face after familiarity with it.

She was well-bred, accomplished, and a great heiress.

I had reason to believe that she was very fond of me.

No one could be more entirely content than I was as I leaned back into the palace car that bore me over the country to New Valladolid, where I was to preach for a few Sundays.

The pulpit was vacant, and I was just trying my wings.

With my pecuniary prospects I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to New Valladolid, but I had no objection to filling its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Margaret had gone to Saratoga, and New York was warm and stuffy and stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant parsonages built in the Queen Anne style; of a study, where the footfalls were softened by Persian rugs, and the doors draped with *portieres* of velvet; chairs and a desk carved richly as some old confessional flitted through my mind.

And I thought also of a table spread with silver and rare china, with a lady at its head who resembled a queen.

And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to a knowledge that the words "New Valladolid" were being shouted through the car, and that the train was coming to a standstill before a little pine station.

I caught my traveling-bag from the catch-all overhead, and hurried out of the car.

The porters had just dumped four or five trunks on the platform.

Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun-bonnet, the other by a red-haired boy, with bare feet; and a queer, knocked-kneed horse, attached to a still queerer old buggy, was tied to a post at a little distance.

A young man, in a very light summer suit, and a city family bent on rural happiness were my companions on the platform.

The former put his trunk into the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sun-bonnet, took the reins and drove away.

He was evidently the son of the family come home to spend his vacation.

The rest of the trunks and the city family, mother, father, little boy, nurse-maid and baby were put into the wagon driven by the boy.

Some one cried—

"All aboard!"

Conductors leaned out over the platforms and made mysterious signals to each other with hands held sideways.

The cars rattled and clashed, the whistle shrieked, and the train moved away.

I was left alone on the platform—alone but for the baggage-master, who sat upon a log chewing straw.

In a moment more this functionary, without looking at me, made a remark—

"Deacon Glover has come down for the new dominie. He's over to the store. Comin' back in a minute."

"Thank you," said I.

The baggage-master took no notice of me, but having climbed upon a stool and made some changes in a time register on the wall of the station, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and sauntered away down the sandy road.

I took his place upon the log and waited.

In a few moments a prim little old gentleman in a linen duster appeared on the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail, and under either arm a brown paper parcel.

I knew at a glance that it was Deacon Glover.

"Are you Mr. Gannet?" he inquired mild as he approached.

"I want to know.

"I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long, but, you see, it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things over when I drive down.

"Step in, won't you? I'll get in after. I'll just hang this can of kerosene lie on behind.

"Some dislikes the smell—maybe you do.

"The molasses and tea and coffee can go under the seat as well as not.

"How's your health, sir, and how do you like New Valladolid?"

I answered that my health was good, and that I had not as yet seen much of New Valladolid.

"No more you haven't," said the old gentlemen.

"Well, you'll drive through it now," he said.

He shook the reins and the old horse began to stumble along.

And on we drove, past certain rows of frame houses very much like each other and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until, having passed the church, we came to one happily set about by old oak trees, before the gate of which he drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and a white apron.

"Take the molasses, Tilly, before it gets upset," said the deacon.

"This is Mr. Gannet that's to preach for us.

"Mr. Gannet, this is my daughter Tilly."

We bowed and she vanished with the parcels.

"What a lovely little creature!" I said to myself. "Nothing like Margaret, but so pretty!"

And I found myself thinking of her as I washed my hands and brushed my hair in the blue-walled bedroom on the second floor, with white fringed counterpanes and curtains and two black silhouettes over the mantel-piece, on either side of the china vases of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the deacon, his wife, a stout lady who never said more than she could help, and Tilly.

She had spent the last winter in New York, and we talked about all she had seen.

She was self-possessed without being forward, and oh, so pretty, so very, very pretty.

Now Margaret was splendid and queenly, so this was mild praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it almost too often.

I preached in the church on the morrow; I preached on the next Sunday.

It was settled that I should spend the summer there.

I wrote this to Margaret—

"Since you cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place is as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Hezekial Glover. I shall board with him while I stay."

It was a pleasant summer, despite the dulness of the place.

How good the quaint old deacon was when one really knew him.

How motherly was Mrs. Glover; as for Tilly, she grew sweeter every day.

I often wondered what Margaret would have said could she have seen me helping her to pick blackberries, to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk pail, driving her to the store and returning with a freight of groceries—Margaret, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogramed and perfumed letters were often brought over from the office in company with the kerosene can.

I wrote my sermons at one end of the round table, while Tilly sat at the other, sewing.

Between us was a lamp with a green paper shade.

Now and then a big bug would fly into the window, and go humming about our heads, or a moth would try to singe its wings over the chimney, and I would stop and drive it out.

The old people would go to bed after a while, and then Tilly and I would find ourselves hungry, and she would go into the kitchen to find "something good."

I always held the light for her.

When something good was found, we ate it on the back porch, sitting side by side on the steps like two children.

The summer passed.

October came.

Margaret returned to the city and wrote to me.

It was while we were eating peaches and cream on the back porch that evening that I said to Tilly—

"I will tell you a secret if you will keep it for a while, Tilly—"

"Oh, of course I will, Mr. Gannet."

"I am going to be married this fall, Tilly," I said. "Those pretty letters you always thought came from my sister are from the lady who is to marry me.

"She is very beautiful, very rich, very stylish, but very kind.

"You must come and see us, Tilly, when we are married.

"I shall tell Margaret how good you have been to me—what a sweet little sister I found out here in New Valladolid.

"Why, Tilly——"

For as I spoke I felt the little hand I held grow cold and heavy in mine.

I saw her sink backward.

The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped to the ground and shattered to pieces.

I caught the poor child in my arms.

In a moment she came to herself and said that she had overtired herself she thought.

They had been baking all day and it was warm.

And now she bade me good night.

But I did not see her next day nor the next.

She kept her room, and was not well enough to bid me good-bye.

Poor little Tilly!

I felt very miserable.

However, Margaret Sheppard met me in New York.

She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant in contrast to my simple country friends, and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been in my heart.

Of course I said it was the baking that had overcome Tilly—it was not my fault.

I had only been to her as a friend—as a brother.

I had not made love to her; above all, I had not flirted with her.

But I thought of Tilly a great deal, and I missed her every hour exactly—oh yes, exactly as I might a sister

I wrote to Mrs. Glover, and her answer was very brief.

"I haven't much time to write," she said in her postscript.

"Tilly is sick, and besides being driven, I am anxious."

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Margaret and I went to the great fair for the benefit of the church of St. Surplice.

One of the features of that entertainment, if you remember, was the array of little arbors in which refreshments were served.

After we had roamed about the fair and bought all sorts of nicknacks, I escorted Margaret to one of these arbors, and there sat down to wait, while one of the ladies who, "on this occasion only," was doing good, onerous, hard work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat leaning back against the evergreen and smilax which draped the lattice, two women entered the next arbor, and one of them, as she sat down, said to the other—

"I'm just about tired out. Aren't you, Mrs. Tripp?"

And the other answered—

"Yes, I am tired. I hardly know that it pays to come all the way from Valladolid to New York sight-seeing."

It was the voice of the Glovers' nearest neighbor, of Tilly's godmother, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not feel quite sure how Margaret would like an introduction, and so refrained from looking around the corner of the bower and making myself known.

"I think we'd better have tea," said the first voice.

"It's more refreshing than coffee.

"Oh, how is Tilly to-day? Think of my never asking before."

"Tilly is poorly," said Mrs. Tripp.

"Oh, Mrs. Birch, what a pity it is that flirting young minister came down to Valladolid.

"I don't know what Mrs. Glover was about, to let him do as he did.

"We all thought he was courting Tilly.

"She did, poor child.

"She just loved him dearly, and the day before he went away he told her he was engaged to some girl in New York.

"I'm afraid it's broken her heart.

"She told me all about it.

"Oh, aunty Tripp," said she, "I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.'

"Ashamed!

"Why it's he ought to be ashamed.

"Of all things a minister to be a cold, cruel flirt.

"And that's what Alfred Gannet is."

I listened, but I could not move or speak; I felt as though my heart also was breaking, and oh, the shame I suffered.

The women drank their tea and left the arbor, and then Margaret turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile.

"I see by your face that that little story is perfectly true, Mr. Gannet," she said.

"Margaret," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offence to you."

"Nothing but love another woman," she answered.

"Love her and let her see it, meaning to marry me.

"Don't think I am hurt; indeed I am relieved.

"I should have kept my word to you but for this, but not so fully as I once should.

"You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me.

"I met Senator F. at Saratoga—and—he does.

"Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer—I who like the diplomatic circles so well.

"As for this—Tilly, is it not?—wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife."

But I only said—

"Miss Sheppard, if you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice."

"I desire it greatly," she answered.

"It is yours," I said with a bow.

After that I think we were both happier than we had been for days, and we shook hands when we parted.

That night I went down to Valladolid, and I told Tilly that my marriage was broken off, and that she was the only woman I ever loved.

She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt, and let me take her to my heart.

To-day I am pastor of the church at New Valladolid.

Tilly is my wife, and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy.

I often help my wife pick currants for tea, and have taken a turn at the "wringer" when help was scarce.

But I do not envy Senator F. his splendid wife, nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Margaret Sheppard.

Tilly and my little home content me.

But one thing is on my conscience. I have never been able to answer myself the question—

"Did I flirt with Tilly?"

Strangely Met.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

"COME, Lucy, let the boy have his paper," said Mrs. Dunclief to her little girl, whose whole attention was absorbed in the latest pictorial, which a bright-looking newsboy had, a few minutes before laid upon the seat.

He was now on his return round, gathering up such of the magazines and periodicals, left for inspection, as failed to find purchasers.

"Let her keep it as long as she likes, ma'am," said the boy, a fine, bright-looking lad, two or three years Lucy's senior, whose eyes were fixed quite as admiringly on the little girl's pretty face and golden curls as hers were on the pictures.

But Mrs. Dunclief only repeated her command, drawing Lucy's attention by a tap on the shoulder.

Lucy gave up the paper with a sigh.

"Please buy it, mamma," she then whispered.

But the lady shook her head; she was evidently not one of those who believed in spoiling children by too much indulgence.

The newsboy took his pile of papers and went forward to look out upon the passing hills and villages till it would be time to make another round of the boat.

It was but a little while before he heard a sweet, childish voice at his side.

"Please, may I finish looking at the pictures?" it said.

The boy turned his head quickly.

The questioner was the little girl he had just left.

"Certainly," he answered with a smile and a bow which a courtier might have envied.

And finding Lucy a seat he had soon his whole stock displayed before her.

Their acquaintance grew rapidly, for Lucy had a host of questions to ask about the pictures, and the newsboy was ever ready to explain.

He was deep in the story which one of the cuts illustrated, when his eloquence met a chilling interruption.

"Lucy," said her mother, approaching and speaking in her usual tone of calm decision "have I not often told you it is improper to be familiar with strangers?"

"But he's a very nice boy, mamma," remonstrated Lucy; "and the pictures."

Mrs. Dunclief took Lucy's hand and led her back to the cabin.

The boy blushed scarlet.

He could not help feeling that the stately lady's reproof had been meant quite as much for himself as for Lucy.

Perhaps it would not have been given at all had he not been only a newsboy.

Lucy Dunclief, though not a froward, was a restless child.

She was too full of life and spirits to be other.

Before the lapse of half-an-hour, she had again left her mother's side, and was leaning over the guards watching the waves and eddies caused by the motion of the boat.

Leaning farther and farther out, and perhaps made dizzy by the whirl of waters, she lost her balance, and fell over with a loud splash.

Exclamations of terror rose from many lips.

The frightened mother uttered a wild shriek, and sank swooning into the arms of those who hastened to her support.

The vessel was stopped and preparations made to lower a boat; but it was apparent that such assistance would come too late.

The child had twice sunk and risen, and was only hastening her fate by her frightened, feeble struggles.

Strong men stood aghast with blanched cheeks, while some averted their eyes.

All at once a quick plunge was heard, and some one was seen swimming rapidly towards the drowning child.

Shouts of encouragement went up.

Nearer and nearer the swimmer approached.

Will he be in time?

Alas! no—she is again sinking, and will not rise again.

But see! the gallant fellow has followed her down, and up they come together.

Loud cheers burst forth.

He has her safe in his grasp.

By this time the small boat has been lowered, and a few quick strokes, brings it in reach of the child and her rescuer, and both are quickly drawn on board.

It was then that the spectators first caught sight of the latter's face.

It was that of the newsboy.

An hour later, and Lucy was as full of life and glee as ever, while the newsboy was a hero.

Mrs. Dunclief, with no touch of haughtiness in her manner, now pressed upon him the present of a bank-note, far more money than he had ever dreamed of before; but there was a flush of hurt pride on the boy's face as he said—

"If you please, I'd rather not, ma'am,"—adding as the flush on his cheek deepened, "there's a picture of herself about your little girl's neck. Would you mind my having that to keep?"

The request was at once complied with, and the boy looked happy as he carefully placed the miniature in an inner breast pocket.

Mrs. Dunclief would have again urged the acceptance of the bank-note, but she saw it would be to wound feelings which she, above all, felt bound to respect.

When the boat landed, Lucy put her pretty dimpled arms about the newsboy's neck and kissed him good-bye, which made him blush more than ever.

Mrs. Dunclief said nothing about being too familiar with strangers this time, and even invited the boy, to whom she gave her address, to come and see them as often as he liked.

But for some reason he never came.

* * * * * * * * *

It was the evening of the day before that set for the marriage of Lucy Dunclief and Leon North, and the two—as comely a pair as one would wish to see—were going over again the story of their courtship, rehearsing its episodes, and thanking the happy fate that had brought their stars in union, when all of a sudden Lucy said—

"Do you know I was in love once before, Leon dear?"

"It's rather late to tell me of it," he replied, with an amused smile.

"Oh, you needn't laugh, sir; I tell you but the truth.

"It was long, long ago, when I was a little girl; and my sweetheart was a newsboy—a noble little fellow, with eyes as bright and a face as handsome—yes, as handsome as yours, sir.

"You see he saved me from drowning one day, and when mamma offered him money he refused it with an air as proud as that of the most gallant knight, but asked to have my picture to keep.

"Oh, you can't tell how much I was in love with him, and how constantly I used to dream of him.

"But alas! he proved faithless, and never returned to claim me!"

"Upon my word I believe you love him yet," said Leon.

"Oh, no!—you've quite supplanted him, poor fellow!"

"I think I can prove the contrary," Leon answered.

"Well bring on your proof."

"Behold it," he replied, taking a small miniature from his pocket and placing it in Lucy's hand.

"Why it's my own! [illegible]ried, "the very one given to my p[illegible]; and you," with a quick glance at [illegible] North, "are——"

"Your 'faithless' newsboy," he added; "but since the time we first so strangely met and, let me say the purpose then formed to become one day worthy of you, was never once forgotten."

The remainder of the evening was as good as the beginning of a new courtship.

PEOPLE are forever talking of laying up something for a rainy day, when they know well enough that it is the fine days that bankrupt the purse.

TRAMPS IN ENGLAND.

ALL regular English tramp-houses—there are irregular ones with peculiar and noteworthy features—are licensed taverns, spirit-houses, or, as the phrase goes on the road, "bingo kens" (from It. *bianco*, white, the color of gin.)

Most of these licenses are very old indeed, and some are the oldest in the kingdom. Every one of these houses are known far and wide. No tramp, let him come from where he may, ever enters a town without very definite ideas as to the house where he is to put up. He has learned all about it—ay, a hundred miles off: and he goes to it as readily, and, when inside, conforms as smoothly to all its ways, as though he had he had been born within its precincts. The custom of such a house is constant.

The tramp stream thither is perennial, and maintains about the same level season after season and year after year.

This kind of people, indeed, will halt here and nowhere else so long as the house continues to maintain its reputation among them; and they are a much more profitable company than most people would imagine.

In a great many instances the tramp-house is managed by the same family for age after age.

There is one at a certain place, the Goat, or, as the genuine tramp prefers to term it, the Welsh Buffalo, which has been held by the same people since the days of the Long Parliament, as records in the possession of the landlord show.

They are just the sort to conduct such a house successfully. In statute the family is gigantic; a little too solid and surly, perhaps, but in temper and tastes tramps all over. For one thing, nobody ever heard of a regular marriage taking place among them. The eldest son takes over the house during the "old man's" life. The younger sons, as a rule, join the police in their native town or elsewhere, but by preference in London.

Wherever they settle, however—and the fact is worthy of notice—they remain to the last in the full confidence of the fraternity among which they have been brought up.

It is the landlords of these tramp-houses who keep up the vagabond organization, and who renew and circulate its signs and passwords from time to time.

The vagabonds themselves could not do it, and never think of doing it. It is difficult to give an idea of the beggar password and sign system; but we will do the best we can.

It has no common centre and no uniformity. There may be, and probably there are, fifty different sets of them in England. Each has its own domain, and these domains intersect one another in curious fashion.

These landlords form small circles among themselves according to contiguity; and a dozen to twenty of these small circles will form one great one.

A great circle of tramp landlords—perhaps it were better to call it oval—may spread fifty miles along one of the great highways and ten to fifteen miles on each side of it. And so far the set of signs and passwords in use therein are good for three months, when they are regularly changed.

A free tramp pays threepence for the sign and password every time they are renewed. All he has to do on these occasions is to go to any landlord of the right sort, give in the old sign and password in due form, and pay his pence.

And he has to pay again every time he enters a new circle. Experience teaches him very well the precise bounds of each. However, when he manifests ignorance on this point, he is very soon set right by the landlord, and must purchase the freedom of the new circle in the usual way.

He meets with little difficulty here, provided the pence are forthcoming. For the tramp landlord can tell in an instant, by the word and sign given by the tramp, whether the latter is one of the right sort or not. Password and sign, indeed, serve, among other things, as a means whereby tramp landlords levy a tax upon vagabonds all over the country.

The uses of this vagabond freemasonry are manifold. It teaches the vagabond whom he may safely consort and traffic with everywhere.

The man who gives the right response to mystic word and sign is invariably the one in whom confidence may be safely reposed. On the roadside the exchange of these tokens is immediately followed by a free exchange of recent experiences, to the benefit of both parties.

Nor is this all. The vagrant out of luck is entitled to all the assistance his more fortunate brother can render, and invariably receives it.

A fortunate vagrant never objects to picking up a brother in bad plight, and treating him to supper, bed and breakfast, besides starting him on his next day's journey with a few pence in his pocket.

The uninitiated vagrant notices, as he cannot help noticing the constant use of these signs and countersigns on the road, and the effects that follow them in numerous instances.

He often sees a fellow as badly off as himself picked up and made much of by a perfect stranger, and for no reason on earth that he can see, except that one addresses another with an apparently unmeaning catchword.

He picks up the word and employs it on all occasions, in the hope that some time or other it may bring the like fortune to himself.

Thus spread over the country such phrases as:

"Have you seen Simpson?" "Is Murphy right?" "Is your father working?"

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the **"POST"** now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promise VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the **"POST"**
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; **the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.** ***Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.*** **A washboiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.**

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT wash or boil a soapy piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water without putting any more Soap, and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through the blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always **make the blue-water soapy,** ***and the less blueing the better.*** **The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will look as white and sweet indoors as out. The clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way.** ***Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.***

The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

THE SILENT MOONBEAM.

BY PIPKIN.

A MOONBEAM was flitting, without noise or tumult, when a pert grasshopper sprang across its way.

"Ha! 'tis well to be you, Miss Moonbeam, creeping and gliding about, like an idle do-nothing as you are, while one half the world is toiling away its very heart's blood—like I do, for instance.

"I've been shouting myself hoarse, for I know not how long, to help charm the other half into something like good humor."

This was the mite's greeting, and it fairly panted, because of the length of its speech, and its self-importance.

"Oh, indeed!" no more, no less, replied the moonbeam, in its quiet, self-possession, flitting and wandering among the sleeping flowers, so like little children slumbering.

"And now I must not keep quiet;" and, as if to make good its assertion, the small grasshopper chipped away with all its might.

"Ay, pipe away, and I'll help you; we keep the world going," croaked a frog, in its by no means mellow tenor; while a blind beetle, as children call the buzzing insect of night, droned in its bass, flitting up and halting.

Next a nightingale's notes stole along on the breezes, and all the little leaves on the trees clapped their hands as in rapture.

And now, what sounds those small musicians poured out into the quiet night—the grasshopper, the blind beetle, the frog, with many little gusts filling up the chorus, after solo, duet, and the like had been gone through by their more gifted companions.

The moonbeam still flitted in calm purity among the sleeping flowers, a sigh wandered by, it might have been the wind, or it might have been from the sprite-like moonbeam, by reason of a yearning desire for gift or endowment it did not possess.

Now, a kind little shrew brought bluebell goblets of cooling dew for the singers, and a glowworm lit its lamp to light them.

The moonbeam stood apart, in its dreamy, silvery robe, and watched and hearkened; watched to see the many small creatures which came wandering up, squirrels, dormice, beetles, earwigs—oh! quite a crowd hearkened to the strains which were stirring them, and gathering them together.

From afar, like liquid music, came the song of the nightingale, now blending with that [illegible], now wandering away, the very essence of melody.

"Well, you little pipers, you're doing a mighty work in the world," said an old rat in its ignorance, putting its head out of a hole hard by the moonbeam.

"Miss Moonbeam, if you could only make some such sounds, we should believe in you.

"But just to flit here and there, a silent, silvery nothing—why, the great world with its solid realities has named dreams and fancies moonshine, by reason of the low esteem in which they hold you."

The moonbeam bowed its head.

"I know I'm doing but little in the great work of life; still, I would do more if I could."

The moonbeam's heart was very sad: she did not weep, but panted out more than tears could express of her craving, yearning hope, that she was not really doing nothing during her brief night of service.

Tenderly she twined her fingers among the petals of the slumbering flowers, and now a sickly blossom lifted its languid head, and seemed to mutely bless her; now a wee, belated wanderer took courage, and wandered on, cheered and led by her silvery radiance.

Oh! it was hard and dreary, this working in silence.

"Hoo-hoo, hoo-too-hoo? What is all this noise about?" inquired an old owl from a hollow tree, peeping his head therefrom in his nightcap.

"We're charming the world," returned the frog.

"Then I wish you'd charm it more like the moonbeam, without all this ado," quoth he.

"Who ever heard of anything done without noise?"

"Who ever heard of anything done with noise—anything great, I mean?"

"Well, what great work is the moonbeam doing?" and the grasshopper laughed—such a mocking laugh is that of the grasshopper.

"Ask the question of the earth, growing and [illegible] in her [illegible], may I not [illegible] myself.

"Hoo-hoo-hoo-too-too! what great work [illegible]?"

Mr. Owl was the one to shout so as to be heard.

The poor little sprite of a moonbeam quivered now; was it come to this, that her usefulness was to be decided upon?

The sweet voice of the nightingale was still thrilling on the midnight air.

Ah! now came her song, not an echo of other music, but a living voice with living words.

"She weaves my notes into beautiful thoughts and inspirations, for the solace of [illegible].

"[illegible] is Nature's healer," whispered the flowers, and many a sick blossom held up petal-like hands to the heavens as in wordless blessing.

"Whir—whir—whir-r-r!" like a mighty chiming of the waves of the sea, came the testimony of the cornfields, from valley and hillside, rolling, rolling in an overwhelming utterance—

"Moonbeams prompt and encouraging us to grow, silently, calmly, even as they perform their own mission; because the greatest work is done by littles, without clamor, commotion, or great noise."

Overhead the heavens were grandly silent, but a soft voice came stealing down as from the stars.

"Little sister," it said, "you are one with us, shedding a light in a dark place; you there in the narrow circle of earth, we high up in space amid the wonders of the heavens; yet together we are doing, shining, nothing, and guiding alone, as it were, and not half understood.

"Surely, to work on thus faithfully, whether a small moonbeam or a mighty star, is the grandest work of all."

The moonbeam grew sweetly radiant as she heard this.

"Too-hoo! too-hoo! too-hoo! I always said 'much noise, little work' was a true saying, and now it seems I'm not far wrong; I say three cheers for the moonbeam," and the owl tossed up its nightcap with a hip-hurrah.

After this a silence fell.

"Then we'll go home and sing no more," said the grasshopper, dejectedly.

"Nay, there you are going to the other extreme: sing and be happy, and play your part, good folk, only don't look with disdain on quiet souls working on in their own way, nor think there's nothing beautiful in the world save your own work, or a sweet sound but it must be an echo of your own music.

"Remember what the nightingale said."

"But are the sounds we make sweet music at all?" questioned the blind beetle.

"Oh! well, that's a mere matter of taste; don't worry yourself over that, my dear friend.

"'To hoot like an owl,' and 'stupid as an owl,' is said among men in a way anything but flattering to me, still I just hoot my best, and catch mice and so on in the cleverest way I can, and I doubt if any do any better than that."

"Well, there's something in doing one's best," croaked the frog.

"Something! why, there's everything in it," sang the nightingale, who now winged her way to the spot.

"'She hath done what she could,' spoken long years ago by One who understands the littles and the great things done by all, is still thrilling the world to its centre; why! it is the charm, the inspiration which keeps people from growing faint and weary."

Then the solemn voices of the night swelled on as before, and amid all who wished, waited, and hoped for the morning, there was naught of dissension; no one said this is mine, or thine, in their wistful expectation.

But, perhaps, the wee moonbeam, that seemed to be doing nothing, was the most calmly happy of all, glancing up at the bright and shining stars above, and remembering her fellowship with them in their light and their glory.

IN THE HAREM.—Owing to the nature of the institution our knowledge of harem life is entirely derived from the visits of European ladies. The Turkish authorities, it must be confessed, are very amiable in this respect, and little difficulty is experienced when the introductions are good. The Turk is commonly believed to be a sort of Bluebeard. It is not so. Polygamy is not the rule, but the exception. The lower classes never have more than one wife, and it is only in the case of wealthy Pashas that there are three or four wives, the latter number being allowed to every Mussulman according to the Koran; this is exclusive of almost any number of slaves and concubines. The husband must have no acquaintance, however slight, with women other than those of his own harem, and should he observe slippers outside of the harem door he knows that ladies are visiting, and therefore, cannot enter his own house. Then, again, if perchance he strolls through the bazaar, there must be no recognition of any of his own women, although they may be throwing away his money right and left in a most lavish way on silks and jewels. He must not say a word, and so passes on with "Please God," or "God is great and merciful;" for now he knows too well how the money goes! European ladies are objects of much attention and curiosity on the part of the women of a harem. Their dresses are felt, they are pawed all over, and asked childish questions incessantly; for it must be remembered that a large harem consists of wives and domestic slaves, the latter counted by hundreds. A young English lady, 17 years old, of great personal attractions and engaging manners, some time back visited a harem accompanied by her mother and friends. The women questioned her, and would not believe that she had no "children, or even a husband." One of the wives, who took a great fancy to her, threw her arms round her neck, and entreated her to stay with them forever. She could have any husband she liked, and even was so kind as to especially recommend her own adding that she was sure he would soon want another wife, and that she, the real wife, would much rather it was this nice English girl, as then there would always be the pleasure of having her as a friend and companion. Here was a most decided offer. A firm refusal, however, of these honors caused much surprise and disappointment.

WHEN you speak to a person, look him in the face.

WOMANHOOD AND PROVERBS.

TURNING over the pages of that wonderful Spanish story "Don Quixote;" we meet with many strikingly suggestive proverbs concerning man, his hopes, duties, ideals, and difficulties, but those few which refer especially to women were evidently originated by men, and those moreover Spaniards.

From the second part we cull the following: "The virtuous maid and the broken leg must stay at home."

"A woman and a hen are soon lost by gadding abroad."

"Between a woman's 'yea' and 'nay' I would not venture to stick the point of a pin" is evidently the personal experience of a Lothario who had never been frowned upon by womankind.

In the following, also from the second part, a graver note of suggestiveness is touched: "The dead woman was frightened at one that was beheaded:" in other words, we are all to prone to criticise severely those errors and frailties which are not exactly ours, forgetting that we ourselves are worthy of condemnation also, for sins which are not less, but quite as heinous as those of others seem to our untempted hearts.

In Puttenham's "Arte of English Poetry," a curious and interesting work, published about the end of the sixteenth century, the author, speaking of the tender-heartedness of the female sex in general, alludes to the common proverb, "A woman will weepe pitie to see a gealing goe barefoote."

There must have been a touch of real humor about the originator of this ancient proverb, ridiculing, but nevertheless loving, the prodigality of tenderness which caused him such amusement.

"A fair wife and a frontier castle breed quarrels" reads like the sigh of some baronial Benedict who fruitlessly thirsted after quietness in the weary ages of warfare.

"Mills and wives ever want" was no doubt the miserly conclusion of some mediæval Harpagon; one can almost recognise the snap with which it was uttered in the laconic brevity of the phrase.

"Who lets his wife go to every feast and his horse drink at every water shall neither have good wife nor good horse" was possibly the self-exculpation of a martinet, who really objected to the extravagance of his help-meet's festal garments, but succeeded in persuading himself and his acquaintances that he was a very pattern of magnanimity, exercising a judicious rule over the morals of his submissive spouse.

"Choose a house made and a wife to make" said some strong-minded gentleman, who flattered himself that he had moulded the character of the girl whom he had married, who very probably all the while had gained entire ascendency over him in essentials by flattering his weak point of moulding her in non-essentials.

"He that tells his wife news is but newly married."

This is evidently a sorrowful fragment from the experience of a patient individual who had been so unfortunate as to mate with a gossip.

One detects the smart of unforgotten scandal in the words.

"A woman conceals what she knows not" was the axiom of a worldlier prudence, which is more suggestive of the proud reserve of Spanish manhood.

"A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands" was perhaps the sorrowful experience of some pretty but penniless maiden.

"Beauty draws more than oxen" may have been the expression of some envious "proud sister" of real life; but both proverbs are just as likely to have been originated by men as women; there is nothing distinctively about them.

"Never was a bad woman fair" is a beautiful old proverb which sounds so very like the pure heart of George Herbert himself that one is almost tempted to imagine him its author.

"A house and a woman suit excellently," and "the wife is the key to the house" are proverbs to which every reader will agree immediately as true.

"A gentle housewife mars the household," on the other hand, strikes us upon first examination as fallacious.

"Gentle" has however, probably somewhat altered its meaning in modern times. It is possibly used here in the sense of dandified.

A housewife who is too fine a lady to superintend her servants, mars the household, in which sense of course it still continues true.

Such are a few out of the innumerable multitude of proverbs concerning the life and qualities of women.

We think that our readers will not disagree with the opinion that the generality must have been the expression of masculine rather than feminine witticism.

On the progress of science we may count; and this is so important as to make us feel that humanity altogether has at last struck the right path. Yet if we shut our ears for a moment to the pæans that are being sung over telegraphs and telephones, we become conscious that while science has been making miraculous strides, the masses have not yet made strides equally miraculous, either in character or in happiness.

EDUCATION is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self. The educated man is like the skilful musician, who knows how to bring forth from his instrument all the sounds of which it is capable; the uneducated is like the learner, who can produce a few simple melodies, but who can never know the true grandeur and the real beauty of his instrument.

PENNA. EDITORIAL EXCURSION.

ON the 6th inst., the Penna. Editorial Association made its tenth annual excursion; and this year to Washington city. The occasion was a marked one, being the largest, and most agreeable that has yet taken place.

The excursionists to the number of 350 made Harrisburg their rendezvous. On Tuesday they were conveyed from there on a special train, of very comfortable cars, kindly furnished by the Penna. R. R. Co. The run from Baltimore was through a very pretty country, with many notable places scattered along the route. From Baltimore to Washington the country is very uninteresting, reminding one of the Jersey pines. We passed through the depot where President Garfield was shot, the spot where he fell is marked with a star, which is worn bright by people anxious to stand on the very spot where he fell.

The party was divided between the National and Metropolitan hotels, both very comfortable. It was our lot to be quartered in the National, where everything to make the guests comfortable was attended to, and the party there expressed themselves fully satisfied with the hotel.

Tuesday afternoon was spent in listening to the speeches in the House, and in sight seeing generally. One great feature of the trip was the reception of the Association by the President on Tuesday evening. As each member and lady filed by they were introduced by Mr. R. S. Mensmin, Secretary of the Association, to the President, who received each with a cordial grasp of the hand and a pleasant smile, or a few well-chosen words.

On Wednesday the Association enjoyed a sail down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, the home and burial place of Washington. A very pleasant day was spent in viewing the house and relics, and in exploring the grounds, which are kept in excellent order. The approach to Mount Vernon is always announced by the tolling of the steamboat bell.

On Thursday a large party drove over to Arlington, to see the house of Gen. Lee, a fine old-fashioned house, on the banks of the river, from the front of which a fine view of Washington may be had. In the evening we enjoyed a drive to the Soldiers' Home, and were driven all through the extensive grounds. We saw many of the veterans enjoying the evening rest.

The Corcoran Art Gallery was free to the excursionists and many availed themselves of the opportunity to see the handsome collection contained there. Others visited the Government Printing Office and were shown through by the polite employees.

On Friday most of the party left Washington, with regrets that the time was so short. We arrived in Harrisburg at 2.30 from whence every train bore excursionists to their homes.

We were favored with delightful weather. Washington in June generally means something awful to experience, but the weather was remarkably cool and pleasant, and well adapted to sight-seeing, and the party separated highly pleased with the excursion and in hopes of meeting together next year.

M. E. K.

THE HUSBAND'S CREED.—A Hindoo has curious notions in regard to the married state. Here is a husband's creed:—"A man both day and night must keep his wife so much in subjection that she by no means may be mistress of her actions. If a wife have her own free will, notwithstanding that she is of a superior caste, she will go amiss. A woman shall never go out of the house without the consent of her husband, and shall act according to the orders of her husband, and shall pay proper respect to the Deity, her husband's father, the spiritual guide and her guests, and shall not eat until she has served them with victuals (if it is medicine, she may take it before they eat); a woman shall never go to a stranger's house, and shall not stand at the door, and must never look out of the window. If a woman, following her own inclinations, goes out whithersoever she chooses, and does not regard the words of her master, such a woman shall be turned away. If a man goes on a journey his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor see any public show, nor laugh, nor dress herself with fine jewels or fine clothes, nor see dancing, nor hear music, nor sit at the window, nor [illegible], nor behold anything choice or rare, but shall fasten well the house door and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not view herself in a mirror, she shall never exercise herself in any agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

THE NERVES OF ORATORS.—It is a curious fact that great orators seldom fail to be nervous with apprehension, when about to make an important speech. Luther, to his last years, trembled, when he entered the pulpit. The same is true of Rev. Robert Hall. Mr. Gough confesses that he is always in a tremor in coming before an audience. Many of the leaders of the House of Commons in England have given similar testimony. Canning said he could always tell in advance when he was going to make one of his best speeches by a chill running through him, caused by fear of a failure. Tierney, whom Lord Macaulay calls one of the most fluent debaters ever known, said he never rose in parliament without feeling his knees knock together.

IF IN WANT OF A REMEDY FOR A SORE THROAT, or a Bad Cough or Cold, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old stand-by for Lung and Throat Troubles

Grains of Gold.

Egoism is an ism with I at the center.

Abate two-thirds of all the reports you hear.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.

The winner is he who gives himself to his work body and soul.

Adversity links men together; prosperity is apt to scatter them.

Better be dead and forgotten than living in shame and dishonor.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

It often happens that worthless people are merely people who are worth knowing.

Some people have great knowledge of society, and little knowledge of mankind.

To enjoy the pleasure of wealth you should first experience the fatigue of labor.

Prayer without watching is hypocrisy; and watching without prayer is presumption.

No evil propensity of humanity is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

Love is a queer thing, and so is happiness. To enjoy either completely it has to be shared.

The divine in its revelation can be known only by means of the divine in man, that is allied to it.

There is so much to lament in the world in which we live that I can spare no pang for the past.

I have learned again what I have often learned before—that you should never take anything for granted.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.

It is a bad thing to be too happy. It makes the mind grow fat and lazy. Trouble is a capital spring medicine for keeping the brain healthy and brisk.

Private credit is wealth, public honor is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would want to possess. I have always despised the whine of complaint and the cowardly, feeble resolve.

We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy?

We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wise thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

Nations are educated through suffering, mankind is purified through sorrow. The power of creating obstacles to progress is human and partial. Omnipotence is with the ages.

Heart-power belongs to all; it may be cultivated in all. Sooner or later we find that the affections are partly under our own control, and that they may be shaped by our own effort.

Nature rejoices in illusion. Whoso destroys it in himself and others, him she punishes with the sternest tyranny. Whoso follows her in faith, him she takes as a child to her bosom.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of a curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.

Let him who would realize the promised exaltation be honest, and humble himself. A proud spirit can no more receive the divine blessing than falsehood can be elevated to the same plane with the truth.

When a man says he is a miserable sinner, if you take him at his word and tell him you agree with him, he will—well, it's on the whole better not to do it till you get on the other side of the fence.

The world does not accept a statement without verifying it. We are told that the way of the transgressor is hard, and pretty nearly every man in the community is trying to find out for himself just how hard it is.

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred it creates more wants than it supplies. Money and contentment do not always go hand in hand.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect it; if ill disposed, will by the superinduction of bad habits, quickly deface it.

Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad iron, or some smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraven upon our visage.

Good reading is a powerful education. By it you can plant the belief in honor, in enterprise, in self-reliance, in toil, in honesty, in strong endeavor, and in the benefits of a noble manhood and womanhood, too deep to be easily eradicated.

An ancient maxim says, "Let your conversation be grace, seasoned with salt." The happy art of speaking at the right time, and saying the right thing is, of all the fine arts, the most desirable to be acquired. No person is truly accomplished who lacks this charm.

Femininities.

Men make laws, women make manners.

If his widow survives him, the unfortunate woman is worthy of all pity.

Women travel to see what is talked about, men to talk about what has been seen.

In charity it may be better to give than to receive; but in kissing it is about equal.

Hereafter women may vote at elections for trustees of Methodist Episcopal churches in Connecticut.

While American girls are marrying Englishmen, English girls are finding favor in Oriental countries.

The wife of John Harriman, of Waterbury, Vt., gave birth to four children—three boys and a girl.

A divided "hygienic skirt"—whatever that may be—is the new garment recommended to English women by the advocates of scientific dress.

Mary Clemmer says that only one girl in five hundred can be happy as a clergyman's wife. She tried it, and didn't get to see a circus for eleven years.

Profound and comprehensive advice given by an aged woman-hater to his nephew: "Shun the blondes, avoid the brunettes, and fly from the others!"

There is a lady in Virginia, aged eighty years, who is said to be now living with her thirteenth husband, the former twelve being ranged side by side in one cemetery.

Nothing makes a woman crazier than to plant mignonette, and, when it comes up, to ascertain that the seedsman put cabbage-seed into the wrong envelope.

A London woman, who fell while stepping on board a steamer, and sued the owners for personal damages, lost the suit because she wore high-heeled boots, and thus contributed to the accident.

A Missouri woman was astounded when a man took her suddenly in his arms and jumped into a pond with her; but grateful when she learned that her dress had been in a blaze, which the leap extinguished.

Miss Belle Braddon is said to be the only feminine railroad officer in the country. She has just been elected Treasurer of the Waynesburg and Washington Railroad, in this State, and is acting paymaster.

One of South Georgia's most popular society ladies, a resident of Lowndes county, has cleared this season on an acre and a half truck farm over two hundred and fifty dollars. She superintended its cultivation in person.

Among the gifts presented to Miss Annie Foster, daughter of the Governor of Ohio, on the occasion of her wedding, recently, was one from Mrs. Garfield, with the message: "May you be the queen of marriage—a perfect wife."

The most attractive girl at a pic-nic does not always make the best wife. Young man take our advice and snicker up to the girl who attends to the making of the salad. Her heart's in the right place, and she can make her own dressing.

Don Carlos, the would-be king of Spain, and his wife have parted. The cause of the disagreement is not given, but the neighbors say she used the royal sceptre to stir soap with, and set a hen on fourteen duck-eggs in his kingly crown.

In the action brought by the municipality of Marseilles against the Empress, to recover the mansion once given to the Emperor by the city, the Empress is designated in the pleadings as "Eugenie Teba, alias Montejo, widow Napoleon."

The small boy who was sent by his mother to invite some neighbors to tea, was asked by the invited if his maternal parent would expect them if it rained, to which he naively replied, "Oh, yes, I heard her remark that she wanted to have it over with."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore said in a recent lecture that "a prominent cause of the degeneracy of women is the compressing of their chests by the use of corsets. They are not necessary to a good figure. What artist would choose a corseted woman for a model?"

A wife at Boone, Iowa, got a divorce from her husband solely on testimony volunteered by her sister, who then professed to detest him; but within a month the woman married the man, and confessed that she had schemed to part the couple for that purpose.

Cook—"Madame, may I ask you for my testimonials?" Mistress—"What do you expect me to write, you worthless creature? Surely you can't expect me to say that I am satisfied with you!" Cook—"Isn't necessary. Only write that I remained with you three months. That will be my best recommendation."

Courting episode: The gothic style of handwriting, now so popular among young ladies, may have all its disadvantages. It is said that a young man who recently received a specimen of it could not tell, for the life of him, whether it was "Yes," with pleasure," "No, thank you," or a sketch of a picket fence.

Three ladies were recently crossing the Lucklamute River, Oregon, in a skiff. The current was very strong and full of driftwood. The boat became unmanageable and was struck and capsized by a log, and the three women were thrown into the river. They kept hold of each other, and were buoyed up by their clothes, the swift current carrying them rapidly down stream. One of them finally caught hold of some brush that grew on the bank and was overhanging the stream. She pulled herself and the two others to the shore.

The rules made by Lawyer Davenport, of St. Louis, for the conduct of his wife while she was on a visit to New York, were recently given. In answer to her petition for a divorce, he swears that she wrote out rules for him at the same time. They had quarreled, through jealousy, he says, and each was distrustful of the other. Her stipulations were that he should not stay out after 10 P. M. during her absence, spend more than two evenings a week at his club, go to any public entertainment, or call on any woman under 45 years of age.

News Not.

A medical college for women has just been incorporated at Baltimore.

Very dark stockings will be worn all through the summer by children.

The body of Garibaldi showed scars of ten gunshot and bayonet wounds.

Wm. Milliken, of Boston, was killed by a bear in the Adirondacks recently.

Carved wood and bamboo furniture is in demand for summer-house furnishing.

A negro exodus from Mississippi has begun, with Mexico as the objective point

Printing has been introduced as a study in the high school at San Jose, California.

The emigration from Ireland in the last thirty years has been about two and three-quarter millions.

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France.

Long curled hair in the back is again in fashion for little girls, but the curls must be large, loose, and few.

Nearly a half of the 34,374 newspapers and periodicals published throughout the world are printed in English.

Scientific men say that perfumes exert a healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone.

John Scott Russell, the famous engineer, who built the great Eastern, died in London a week or so since, aged 74.

The latest thing in note paper which has just appeared in New York, is of terra cotta color, dull red, with a high glaze.

President Arthur must require quite a clerical force to open and read his letters for him, which average over 500 a day.

And now England, the great cheese producer of the world, is complaining of the importation of "spurious" American cheese.

Twelve millions bushels of corn were last year made into glucose in the United States alone. Brewers were the largest consumers.

"Home, Sweet Home," is the last thing played at the President's receptions, and when the music begins the guests take the hint.

A man was arrested for kneeling and praying about in the streets of Wachita, Kansas. He could have stood up and sworn with impunity.

In the English town of Sulby a man recently died at the age of 107 years. His wife died at 98, after a married life extending over 84 years.

A marriage is to take place in Boston shortly in which the bride, the bridegroom, and the officiating clergyman, though not related, bear the same name.

A hunter near Metz recently shot a raven of remarkable size, to one of the feet of which was attached a metal ring, with the inscription, "Born at Loutrey, 1782."

Two hundred and forty-four earthquakes are known to have occurred during the year 1881, of which 86 were in winter, 61 in autumn, 50 in spring, and 41 in summer.

The Chief of the Fire Department of Coldwater, Mich., is under arrest for setting fires. His object was to keep the firemen interested by giving them something to do.

Out in Madagascar Sunday school children, instead of a spoonful of ice cream and nudge of cake on festival days, get silver sixpences and pieces of roast beef to carry home.

An Illinois girl, with a breach of promise suit, testified that it was the usual thing for girls to show their love letters to fifteen or twenty other girls, in order to make them jealous.

The room in the Francklyn Cottage, Elberon, in which President Garfield died, is closed and draped heavily with mourning. In this condition, it is stated, it will always remain.

Rats are so numerous in St. Johns county Fla., that it is feared they will destroy the watermelon crop, upon which they are feeding. They should organize an army of cats out there.

According to German statistics crimes and misdemeanors in Prussia have increased at the enormous rate of 121 per cent since 1871. In 1881 alone the number of prisoners rose by nearly 15,000.

An angry young man struck his brother with a stone at Woodstock, Va., and then, thinking he had killed him, and being stricken with remorse, committed suicide. The brother was only stunned.

One of the lions in a circus got tired of being tamed, and at Lansing, Mich., fastened its teeth so firmly in the arm of the tamer that it had to be shot and its jaws pryed open before the man could be released.

Between the fork of the San Joaquin and King's River, in California, is a living and moving glacier of clear blue ice, one mile long, half a mile wide and 180 feet thick, which travels about 20 feet a day northward.

The oldest postmaster in the United States has come to the front again. He is now located at Sandy Springs, Md. His name is Edward Stabler. He is 88 years old, and was appointed by President Jackson in 1833.

The Presbyterian synod of Illinois was at Springfield last week, when it was expected that the dancing question would loom up above all others; but it is a significant fact that the synod adjourned without touching it, simply voting that it be "continued till next term."

Change of Mind.

I declined to insert your advertisement of Hop Bitters last year, because I thought then they might not be promotive of the cause of Temperance, but find they are, and a very valuable medicine, myself and wife having been greatly benefitted by them, and I take great pleasure in making them known.

REV. JOHN SEAMAN.
Editor Home Sentinel, Afton, N. Y.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL,

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Uterus,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

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KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.
SLATE MANTELS

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.
JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.
Office and Salesroom, 1213 Ridge Avenue.
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Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

LIGHTNING CALCULATORS.

THE murder of his wife recently by Professor Andrews, the Lightning Calculator, whose mind had finally given way under the strain to which it had been put, may make of interest a few notes on these phenomenal calculators, and notably the young Zerah Colburn, who was born at Cabot, Vt., in 1804 and died in 1840, was among the most remarkable of the Calculating Boys. At the age of six he had given such evidence of his extraordinary powers of computation that his father resolved to show him in public. Among the questions which he solved at this period were such as "How many days and hours in 1,811 years?" (Answer, in twenty seconds, 661,015 days; 15,864,360 hours,) or "How many seconds in eleven years?" (Answer, in four seconds, 346,896,000.) Two years later, when they were showing him in Europe, he performed in a few seconds such calculations as squaring 999,900 and multiplying the product twice by 49 and once by 25, or finding the factors of 1 to the thirty-second power plus 1—4,294, 967,297. Colburn immediately gave 641 x 6,700,417, and when asked the factors of 247,483, replied instantaneously, "941 and 263, and they are the only factors." Such problems as raising 8 to the sixteenth power, giving the square root of 106,929 or the cubic root of 268,336,125 were solved in a moment. At this period Colburn was ignorant of the ordinary rules of arithmetic and could not tell how or why particular processes came into his mind, though later he could analyze and describe his methods. Once, when bidden to multiply 21,734 by 543, his manner provoked a question, and it was found that, for some reason which he could not explain, he was obtaining the result by multiplying 65,202 by 181. Jedidiah Buxton was another prodigious calculator. He never learned to write, and in other branches of education was as backward as a boy of ten, while his mental faculties were slow, saving always his faculty of calculation. So completely was he absorbed in his theme that he took little cognizance of external objects save as they suggested numbers. Thus if a period of time or the age of a man were spoken of, Buxton at once announced that "that made so many seconds," and a distance was to him so many hair-breadths. By walking over the fields of the lordship of Elinton—his step was as infallible as a surveyor's chain—Buxton gave the proprietor their contents of some thousands of acres, first in acres, then in roods, perches, square feet, square inches, and finally in square hair-breadths—forty-eight to each side of an inch. He had the faculty of being able to rest a calculation at any stage and take it up next morning, a week later, or after a lapse of months. He could number all the pints of beer he had ever drunk at all the houses he had ever visited in half a century. Among the problems given him to solve were such as this: "How many cubical eighths of an inch are there in a quadrangular mass 23,145,780 yards long, 5,642,732 yards wide and 54,985 yards thick," an appalling calculation which he performed mentally. Once he set himself to doubling a farthing 140 times, and on another occasion he made himself, in his own phrase, "drunk with reckoning" by calculating how many hairs an inch long and how many grains of eight different cereals there were in a mass of 200,000,000,000 cubic miles, having previously counted the hairs and grains in a single inch to get his point of departure. What was most curious about Buxton, perhaps, was his capacity for carrying on these calculations while conversing or listening. At church he only cared to count the words of the sermon, and though he watched Garrick closely in "Richard III.," it was but to reckon the words in the part.

In 1839 there was shown at Paris the eleven-year-old son of a Sicilian shepherd, one Vito Mangiamele, who did some remarkable mental calculating. Thus he extracted the cube root of 3,796,416 in half a minute and the tenth root of 282,475,249 in three minutes and a half. Another shepherd boy, Jacques Ynandi, was brought out by Flammarion at Paris about six years ago, who answered very rapidly such questions as, "How many kilometres' distance has a man eighty years old traveled through space with the world moving at the rate of twenty-nine kilometres a second?" or, "One person is born every second—how many have been born since the birth of Christ, including the leap years?" At the same time they were showing in Germany an eight-year old Hungarian calculating boy named Moritz Frankl, who answered off-hand such questions as these: "A man dies at the age of sixty-two years, eight months, and seventeen days. When he was fourteen years and a half old he began to drink beer at the rate of six siedels and two 'schnitte' per diem, and continued so to do until the day of his death. Now a siedel costs fifteen pfennige, and a 'schnitt' ten pfennige. How many pfennige did he spend upon beer between his twenty-ninth semester and his demise?" In less than half a minute young Frankl was ready with his answer. Perhaps as remarkable a fact in connection with numbers as any of these, though it rested solely upon the memory, was that of Euler, who, it is said, carried in his head the first six powers of every number up to 100. His power of analysis was no less phenomenal than his memory, and even before his sight failed him he had long been accustomed to performing elaborate calculations in his mind.

A WRITER on natural history says that the cat has a language of sounds to express its emotions. No philosopher, however, has had the hardihood to announce that the English language expresses the feeling of a man who hears a soulful cat expressing its emotion on a neighboring roof at midnight.

New Publications.

A publication which will be found of interest by astronomers, amateurs and professionals is "The Sidereal Messenger," conducted by William W. Payne, Director of Carleton College Observatory. It will be published monthly, except for July and August, the subscription price for the ten numbers being $2.00. Published at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

"Wanderings in South America, the Northwest of the United States, and the Antilles, in the years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824." This is the title of a singularly interesting account of the travels of Charles Waterton, a somewhat eccentric English gentleman of noble lineage. It is written in a quaint, peculiar style that gives it an indescribable charm. This is not its sole value, however, as its facts, notwithstanding the lapse of years, have still a fascinating freshness, and it contains many useful hints for the naturalist. MacMillan & Co., London, Publishers. Price, 25 cents.

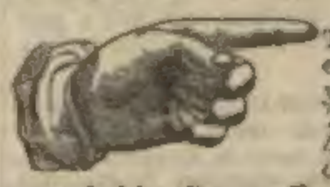
"The Life of a Love," in songs and sonnets, by N. M. Sedarts, of New York, is another addition to the light poetic literature of the day. An effort has been made to give an original treatment to the subject as possible, and there is scattered through the 147 pages the book contains a good deal of strong thought, sometimes ruggedly, other-times expressed with considerable smoothness and beauty. It is not likely to take the place of any of the standard works of the day, but it will serve well as a study for the freshest adaptations of old styles and ideas. The book is well printed and bound. The American News Co., New York.

"A Sane Lunatic," is the somewhat singular title of a story of the "Hammock Series," by Clara Louis Burnham, author of "No Gentlemen," etc. It is an excellent bit of summer reading, being told in a very pleasant manner, with nicely drawn characters, comparatively few in numbers, an interesting but not too deeply involved plot, and other praiseworthy features. The general advantages of a hammock in a comfortable situation are sufficiently great to recommend themselves, but with the additional attraction of "A Sane Lunatic," their growth would instantly increase. Nicely printed and bound. H. A. Sumner & Co., Publisher, Chicago. For sale by Claxton & Co. Price $1.00.

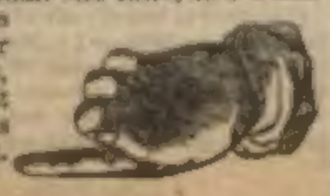
A paper that should have a capital field is called "Outing, a Journal of Recreation." Its whole scope is implied in the title. It is full of matter by several well-known writers on appropriate topics and altogether is well edited. In addition it is finely printed on excellent paper. Price 10 cents per number. Published at No. 50 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y.

MUSIC.

From S. T. Gordon & Son, No. 13 East Fourteenth street, New York, we have received the following excellent compositions, most of them new and all beautiful: Lawn Tennis Waltzes, by H. N. Sawyer, neat and not too difficult, price 60 cents; Le Chant d'Amour, Valse, simple, with a charming melody, price 50 cents; Xaveria, Grand March, a somewhat showy composition, though comparatively easy of execution, 35 cents; Pot Pourri from "Patience," introducing all the best airs, arranged besides for lancers and waltzes. In this Mr. Fallman has arranged one of his best arrangements; praise of anything from this beautiful opera is unnecessary, price, 61: Gavotte, by William Schmeisser, a piece that deserves to be a general favorite, price 25 cents; Wynnewood Schottische, a very brilliant work which will more than repay study, it is excellently adapted for an exhibition piece for moderately advanced players, 40 cents; A Tress of Auburn Hair, by the famous composer, H. P. Danks, bears the marks of its author's merit, and is well worthy of the pen it comes from. The same remarks will apply to his Bygone Happy Days, price of each, 35 cents; the Sunflower Song, by Annie Palmer, is a somewhat light composition in all respects, though it may meet with favor from some, price 35 cents; The Exile is a ballad, the French words of which are by Victor Hugo, the music by J. E. Vicarino. It is enough to say of it that the words are worthy of the distinguished writer and the music of the words, 50 cents; Little Alice, by J. S. McMurray is a pleasant song that has met with great approval wherever sung, price 35 cents. Messrs. Gordon & Son have all the latest music, and our musical readers will find their stock both large and excellent.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.



"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Ridgeway, N. C., June 13, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

H. L. HOLTON.

Middlebourne, W. Va., June 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

T. H. RIGGLE.

Sheridan, Mich., June 11, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

E. P. DENHAM.

Martin's Station, Ala., June 10, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

JNO. W. OXFORD.

New Bern, N. C., June 12, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

D. A. BIGGS.

Emporia, Kas., June 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. M. HAMMOND.

Hope, Ind., June 10, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. A. KLUGH.

Shellsburg, Iowa, June 9, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. MONTGOMERY.

Altoona, Kas., June 10, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

L. PRAY.

Salisbury, N. C., June 12, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

E. SHAVER.

Knobnoster, Mo., June 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. N. WHARTON.

La Plata Station, Md., June 12, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

N. MURDOCK.

Harrellsville, N. C., June 10, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

I. P. HOWELL.

Rexford, Fla., June 12, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

D. L. D. BLACKMAN.

Gomerneu, N. Y., June 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

J. N. MILLER.

Pine Orchard, Md., June 10, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. RHINE.

Dorr, Mich., June 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever s

J. RILEY.

Hampton, Minn., June 9, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

WM. ORGAN.

THE UNDER DOG.

I know that world—that the great, big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different way to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or right—
I shall always go for the weaker dog,
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great, big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right—
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it incog.;
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here is luck to the bottom dog!

—DAVID BARKER.

Facetiæ.

Wife (reading "Another Disappearance): "Oh, dear! here's a woman missed her husband again!" Brute—"Ah, what did she try to hit him with?"

The only way to distinguish a waiter from a guest at a swell party is to step on the corn of one of them. If he retaliates by knocking you down it is the waiter.

"Do you play croquet?" "No, I don't play croquet, but my sister May, who is very gay, plays croquet, every fine day, in a charming way, and is quite an fair."

Why is a beautiful young lady like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters her sparks, transports the males, and makes us forget time and space.

"Muco-purulent conjunctivitis" is the new name for it out West, but it is caused by the same old demijohn thrown over the shoulder and rested on the elbow in the same old way.

If you would retain the love of your affianced, young man, do not permit her to investigate you into an ice-cream saloon. If you do, a coolness will soon exist between you.

Mamma said one day she'd like to know what the sun was made of, when five-year-old Bertie exclaimed: "I know! It's lightness and warmness mixed together and made round."

"Your name is Dickie, isn't it? It's a pretty name, and I've called my poodle after you." Dickie doesn't know whether to bow his thanks or to go out and take a look at the hat-rack.

The Frenchman was a true esthete who borrowed a couple of chairs for his empty room, saying he would be so dreadfully mortified if a robber should come in and find it unfurnished.

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. We are unable to give the figures for this country, as the Indians keep no records.

A Denver paper refuses to think it marvelous that a man whose brains were knocked out is still living. If he were out this way he would not only be living, but he would be holding some important office.

"I think I've covered the whole ground," remarked a Chicago man, in an argument. "No doubt of it," replied the St. Louisian; "but if you will lift up one foot it will give room for the other four of us to stand."

A correspondent asks, "Can a boy leave his father when he is eighteen years old?" If a father is eighteen years old, a son is justified in leaving him, because by that time the father is able to take care of himself.

Cincinnati editors adopted the "esteemed contemporary" style for a time in the early spring, but with the approach of hot weather they got down to business again, and call each other liars and horse-thieves, as usual.

Smith wrote: "Dear Jim, this little account has been standing for seven years, and I think it is high time it was paid." To which Jim answered: "Dear Sam, I don't; and may a difference of opinion never alter friendship."

That New Yorker who hasn't closed his eyes to sleep for the last thirteen years has determined to hire out on a farm this summer. Inside of two weeks his employer will have to haul him out of bed by the feet to get his eyes open.

"Well, my dear, are you getting on nicely with your music?" "Oh, yes, mamma; last month, when I played four-handed pieces with my music-teacher, I was always a couple of bars behind; now I am always at least three ahead."

How pleasant it is to roam in the woods this hot weather, thinking of the glories of God's work, as two or three spiders nestle in one's ear, and a singing society of mosquitoes hold a convention on your nose. It is such vacations that make life bearable, and teach the sweet lesson of patience.

One Monday morning a Paris clerk applied for forty-eight hours' leave of absence, which was granted. He did not appear till the following Monday at the regular hour. "Well, monsieur," demanded his superior, "why have you stayed away all the week?" "You gave me permission." "I gave you leave for forty-eight hours—not for six days." "I beg your pardon, sir," said the young man, "I have taken the exact time you have granted. We work here eight hours a day, and six times eight are forty-eight. I certainly had no occasion to ask your permission for the night, any more than for the hours which I do not owe to the business." This was logical; but now the chief specifies the limits of the leave he grants.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 23 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Humorous.

The difference between the pawner and the pawnee is this: The former watches his prey until he gets it, and the latter prays for his watch, but he doesn't get it.

BAY CITY, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.

I think it my duty to send you a recommend for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them. DR. A. PRATT.

It seems curious that college students will fight among themselves; but probably there are occasions when the professors lock themselves in and can't be got at.

The fairest faces are sometimes marred by myriads of pimples, and markings of tetter or freckles, which are readily removed by a popular toilet dressing, known as Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Even scrofulous ulcers yield to it.

Student—"How is it, Doctor," that I always take cold in my head?" Doctor—"It is a well-known principle, sir, that a cold is most likely to settle in the weakest part."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

It is pleasant to remember that not an hour passes in the increasing march of time that there is not a half-dressed man somewhere on the face of the earth calling for a shirt.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

A country paper says that the other day an Irishman was called up in a case of assault and battery, and when asked by the magistrate what he said, remarked, "I sid to him, with the toe av me bute, 'Go home!'"

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

The sizzling of the soda fountain is heard in the land, there is quite a demand for rock salt to be used in freezing ice cream, and there seems to be a tendency on the part of the weather to drift into a dry, hot summer. We should be pleased to have that seaside hotel forwarded to us by return express.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

(From the Toledo *Blade*.)

SURPRISING EFFECTS

OF EXTRACT OF CELERY

AND CHAMOMILE UPON THE

NERVOUS SYSTEM AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

AS INVARIABLY PRODUCED BY DR.

C. W. BENSON'S CELERY AND

CHAMOMILE PILLS.

They have been tested time and time again, and always with satisfactory results. This preparation just meets the necessities of the case. Let me state just what my Pills are made to cure, and what they have cured and WILL CURE: Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Sleeplessness, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. These diseases are all Nervous diseases. Nervousness embraces nervous weakness, irritation, despondency, melancholy, and a restless, dissatisfied, miserable state of mind and body, indescribable.

These are some of the symptoms of nervousness; now, to be fully restored to health and happiness is a priceless boon, and yet for 50 cents you can satisfy yourself that there is a cure for you, and for $5 at the very furthest that cure can be fully secured. These Pills are all they are represented to be, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction if used as directed, and WILL CURE any case.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1., or six boxes for, $2.50, postage free, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

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BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $65. Pianos, $167.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

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Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

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"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

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50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, New & Artistic designs, name on, in case 10c. Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Conn.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert judges fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants**, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, and wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants**, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums**, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of **three dollars** we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 times, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $1 instead of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The *Post* is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its eighth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments. Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post, 720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

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If you come in person,

The trains from the different branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad come to the new Broad Street Station, which is within one block of our store; you walk directly through the new City Hall to our Market Street front. If you come by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, any horse car on Thirteenth Street will bring you directly from the Callowhill Street Depot to our door. If you come through Camden, N. J., any horse car on Market Street, except the red ones, will bring you direct. We have provided new and spacious reading and toilet rooms for the free use of visitors.

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Departments of goods have been so enlarged and improved that our stock, unquestionably the most comprehensive in the United States, is better than ever. We send without charge, or any obligation to purchase, samples of the new Dress Goods, Silks, etc. We give prices of our entire stock in our new Catalogue for Spring and Summer, which is mailed free to all who send us address on postal card. Hundreds of orders are filled daily, and goods sent by mail and express to every State and Territory, with full privilege of return and refund of money if they do not suit.

John Wanamaker,

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Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, $30, $40, $50, 9 to 11 stops. *☞Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC HAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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AGENTS WANTED FOR The LIVES AND ADVENTURES —OF THE— NOTED OUTLAWS, Frank & Jesse JAMES —THE— Younger Bros.

&c., containing the *only complete and authentic account of these* **Bold Highwaymen.** *Latest information about the* **Shooting of Jesse.** *The most thrilling interesting and exciting book ever written.* **Fully Illustrated. Write quick for terms,** which are very liberal, and **You can make money fast. Now is the time**

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Choice Otcograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 4x12 Otcograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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YOUNG MAN OR OLD! If you want a luxuriant Mustache, flowing Whiskers, a heavy crop of hair on bald heads, or to cure weakness, nervousness and complaints the best specialists, don't be humbugged by advertising shams. Try the great Parisian Discovery. Three months unless this great remedy or specialist does what we claim. Sent prepaid to any address for $1.00. Send for circular. Address, L. J. ARCHAMBAULT, Box 1068, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED with DOUBLE CHLORIDE of GOLD. Essay Free. *The Morphine User;* 200 pp. $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., DWIGHT, Ill.

OPIUM MORPHINE EATING A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name, in elegant case, 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

40 CARDS, All Chromo, Glass & Motto, in case, name in Gold & Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

NEVER were fancy sateens and cambrics more pretty and becoming, and never were they more generally worn. In the morning, and in fashionable drawing-rooms every afternoon, these costumes are equally to be met with.

They are all profusely trimmed with lace, and are worn with pretty straw or chip bonnets and hats, trimmed with gathered lace and a spray of flowers.

Our leading houses are making up striped cottons very stylishly. Two flounces, and sometimes three, are plaited, the bodice and sleeves are plain, and the paniers of the striped cotton, drawn back horizontally, are gracefully drooped on the hips and smartly caught back and draped.

Black and white, brown and white, and other colored stripes are arranged.

Polonaises of the large, indistinct, broken checks, are also well draped over plain-colored flounced skirt, and trimmed with the fashionable "ficelle" lace.

Wanamaker is making, for young ladies, pretty costumes in flowered muslins, much trimmed with soft lace.

The flounces and paniers are eged with lace, and the bodices are full, with double cascades of lace down the front, and loops of ribbon.

For garden parties, roses, etc., these costumes are most delicate and appropriate. Silk muslin and embroidery, foulard with nun's cloth, satin Merveilleux, and lace, are the popular mixtures.

"Ficelle" satin Merveilleux, arranged over a skirt of the palest pink, veiled with lace and flounces, is an exquisite assortment of colors for an evening toilette; the bodice is trimmed to correspond, and has a cluster of pale pink roses fastened into the fulness of the lace at one side of the bodice.

If these colors are arranged for day wear the bonnet is of ficelle lace, with a pink feather aigrette to the left side.

Some brown, black, and dust-colored costumes are arranged with plain short skirts of satin or moire, and a full, wide ruche round the edge; another narrower, but equally full ruche at some distance above, and a third edging the panier polonaise; the cashmere polonaise is short at the back, the paniers being very full, drawn back in folds; ruches of lace edge the throat and sleeves; the lace is of the same color as the costume.

Many brown cashmere and steel-grey dresses are trimmed with gold and silver braid respectively; the braid is narrow, and if there are any, edge of tunic, cuffs, and collar to the height of about four inches.

I have seen charming bridesmaids' dresses, in nun's cloth with lace, and also poile de chevre, which is the softest kind of China Silk.

Pale pink, pale blue, and the new ficelle color, are the most popular shades. They have lace-trimmed flounces and gracefully draped paniers above, with bodices profusely trimmed with the softest lace, finished off with loops of ribbon.

They are useful afterwards as fete dresses for either morning or evening.

Some very dainty sateens are also made fore young bridesmaids.

For full-dress day wear the use ficelle colored cashmere as a panier polonaise, over satin or moire of the same shade, using lace of a lighter shade for trimming. They also drape the cashmere over very pale blue moire box-plaitings, inserting the same at the wrists and throat. The ficelle color is excellent for fete costumes, as it is extremely delicate in appearance, becoming to most people, and has the additional merit of not showing any amount of dust.

The parasols are particularly beautiful this year. They are in brocade of all colors, in fine straw in velvet, and especially in cream or black lace, most daintily put together.

These are entirely covered with lace, the kind used being the wide insertion, laid on in circlets from the top to the edge, tied together at distances with bows of ribbon. The lace forms fans at the points, and the bows are so arranged that they appear to be lightly tossed about the parasol.

The black ones are as pretty as the cream colored. Pansies are put into the folds of some of the cream lace.

Other styles of both black and cream lace parasols are bordered with artificial maidenhair fern, or else have a spray at one side, straying over the plaitings. An original handle is in the shape of a very large wooden key, and also another in an owl's head with a beak of pin coral. Very large garden umbrellas are made of colored cretonne (which are novel) for fixing into the ground and sitting under. The cretonne is very bright in color and pretty in floral design.

For garden and country wear there are large straw hats in cream and black, which are similar to those in vogue many years ago, wide at the sides and flattened in front.

The black ones are trimmed with black lace, falling long at the back, and a red rose at one side, the cream ones with wide cream satin ribbon. In bonnets for young ladies, the "Haidee" in straw, with full twisted binding of satin or velvet, and feather aigrette to the left side, is simple, moderate in price, and becoming. Ficelle" lace is used very much on caps, cravats, and fichus, for both morning and evening wear. Some dainty caps are skilfully arranged with a long lappet, pinned together, and in shape, with gold or pearl-headed pins. Others of muslin, edged with lace, in the form of a square handkerchief, are arranged on a net foundation, and plaited ruche of lace, fitting to the head.

Morning caps, composed of folded mull muslin, with double plaitings of lace, are pretty.

There is a new kind of lace, in wide narrow lengths, suitable for fichus, shoulder capes, etc., called "antique lace," which is like old German guipure, with cross-barred ground and small figures of animals.

The Newmarket ties are still greatly worn, and they are now converted out of a fancy bordered colored pocket-handkerchief.

Jet bonnets are greatly worn, with colored feather aigrette forward at the left side. At present pale pink is the favorite color, though pale blue and violet are popular.

Ficelle lace bonnets, with aigrettes, and bonnets composed entirely of flowers, are worn for dressy occasions. The bonnets of red currants with bands of green leaves encircling them are beginning to appear. Many of the Langtry bonnets have the extreme centre of the crown removed, and four or six lengths of colored velvet or ribbon inserted; these lengths pass over the bonnet and fasten underneath the brim. The small straw crown centre is replaced, on the ribbons, and a full cap of flowers or lace put in, in front, beneath the brim. Some larger Langtry-shaped hats have marabouts in front outside the brim, giving a very soft appearance. For instance, one would be trimmed with a pale blue ostrich feather on one side, and a fluffy marabout of the same tint in front. Underneath the brim would be a spray of forget-me-nots meeting a few ears of corn, the latter matching exactly the straw of the hat.

In materials there is no doubt that the pearl of the season, for young girl's or young married ladies' toilettes, is voile with brochè silk flowers, of exquisite freshness and delicacy. It can be obtained in all colors and is largely used for evening, wedding, and very dressy driving toilettes, in this last case the dress being accompanied by a mantelet of voile trimmed with ruches of lace.

A costume for a bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding is of white voile trimmed with fleecy ruches of tulle, this being fresher and younger than lace; the Louis XVI. corsage is of pale-pink armure, with a large scarf sash of brochè pink flowers on a white ground.

For the ceremony the corsage is high at the neck, the waistcoat being removed for evening wear, and the square-cut opening edged with a wide tulle ruche, and a wreath of roses.

All floral tissues are very much admired and vie in success with the embroidered voiles; with cream, periwinkle, pale-blue, and pink back-grounds, they make very handsome toilettes, worn with a skirt of pekin satin and moire; they are also used with skirts and trimmings of plain material.

Some of the leaders of fashion have been wearing toilettes composed entirely of the same material, trimmed with rouleaux of plain faille to match the background or one of the colors of the flowers, as floral tissues are principally used for these dresses; white lace is also much used to trim these toilettes, which are very lady-like, and relieve the eye from the constant combination of plain and figured materials.

Fireside Chat.

BEAUTY—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

MY readers must not be impatient if I do not proceed as quickly as they may wish, for the subject of beauty is lengthy, and even now I am but giving its outlines; for to study it in all its details would take more time and space than can be demanded from the courtesy of the paper that opens its pages to me.

I shall, however, with the editor's kind permission, set apart a little corner for answers to correspondents who may seek our advice. I must warn you, however, that I am not infallible. I can only point to you those simple remedies which I have gleaned from ancient works, and also from personal experience; but there are cases which cannot be judged from a distance, and which only a doctor on the spot could treat. I can promise you, however, that none of my recipes can injure either eyes, hair, or complexion, and I have every reason to believe that they will be found efficacious. With which I resume our conversations on beauty.

We will now begin to examine the complexion, or skin of the face, and see how far careful treatment will make it soft and fair. Those among my readers who take an interest in the subject will do well to copy every recipe, or wash, or paste as I may mention it, however insignificant it may appear, for thus, when the subject is completed, they will be able to see at a glance all the remedies used at all periods of the world's history, and they will also be able to judge thereby which is most appropriate to their own case.

And now, what is the complexion? It is the color of the skin of the face. It is also one of the distinctive characteristics of the different races of men who people this world; thus, Europeans are white, Africans are black, Indians are copper-colored, etc. Some philosophers have imagined that this difference of color is due to climate. In that case, all those who live in the north would have white complexions, and those who live in the south would be all dark. But this is not the case, for Europeans established in Africa retain their white complexion; and negroes, though living in the north, remain negroes to the end. Many southern races of people also have whiter skins than northerners, as, for instance, the Romans, who have complexions so soft and creamy that Englishwomen look like lobsters by their side.

It is certain that the sun has great influence on the skin, and those who are too much exposed to it may see their skin lose somewhat of its whiteness and softness, and become coarser and darker. It is for this reason that southern ladies rarely leave the house either in too hot or too cold weather, or, if they do, they protect themselves with thick veils, and, as soon as they return, they wipe their faces with cold cream and starch powder.

To prevent their skin from drying under their blazing sun, Hottentots and other Southern people cover themselves with palm oil, whilst Russians, Swedes, and extreme northern tribes protect their complexion against the cold by rubbing themselves with tallow. You will admit that cold cream is more pleasant, and answers the purpose both of oil and tallow. You now know that a slight coating of cold cream is advisable as a protection to the skin against wind or cold cuttings and sunburning, and every lady is justified in using this precaution, if she value her complexion.

There may be occasions, however, when she may not be able to use this precaution; then let her wear a veil and anoint herself at night, previous to retiring to bed, with this or any other cooling cream or paste. This was one of the secrets which have made the complexions of the ladies of the middle ages so celebrated — they never exposed themselves to the open air without previously preparing themselves for the encounter, and subsequently correcting its influence by appropriate ointments. But we must go further back still if we would seek the source of "protective" cosmetics for the face. Herodotus tells us that even Scythian women mixed bruised cypress, cedar, and frankincense into a paste, and anointed their face and body with it, keeping it on all night, and this imparted a grateful perfume to the person, and made the skin soft and beautiful. It is certain that any cosmetic used at night, and left on all night, is more beneficial than if used only in the morning, and has at least the advantage of not being visible.

ANSWERS.

RADDLED COMPLEXION.—From what I can gather from your letter your skin disease must be acne. Ask a doctor. It used to be thought incurable, but a cure has been discovered, though it is not always a quick one. Firstly, begin by avoiding everything that may send the blood to the head. Avoid wine, spirits, beer, and savory meats; keep the feet always very warm; take frequent emollient baths; drink aperient or natural mineral waters; do not lace tightly, and have no tight pressure anywhere about you. Eat fish, fowl, vegetables, milk, etc., also farinaceous food. Bathe the cheeks night and morning with hot water, in which have been boiled walnut-tree leaves and alum (20 drachms each to a quart of water). This will cure the illness, if of recent date, otherwise consult a doctor, and ascertain the stage which the acne has reached, and let me know. Try above, however, for a couple of weeks.

M. G.—The "Poppeanum Paste" is made with asses' milk and corn flour. Instead of asses' milk you may use "Virginal milk." "Virginal milk" is made with tincture of benzoin and rose water. Tincture of benzoin is made by steeping 50 drachms of pulverized benzoin in a quart of alcohol at 70 degrees. I leave it to steep about a week, shaking occasionally. Then filter a bottle: keep well corked. 20 drachms of this tincture of benzoin—or any bought tincture of benzoin—will suffice for a quart of rose water or pure distilled plain water, and a saucepanful of the milk thus formed suffices for a basinful of water for washing. To make a paste mix with ground rice or flour to the desired thickness. The yolk of an egg is eaten raw; it is beaten up with pounded sugar to a froth.

Correspondence.

ZAIDEE.—What you have written is quite good, but hardly worth publication. Try again and you may succeed better.

S. M. S. (Courtland, Mass.)—Zens says you may find Lines on a Skull in the Rhetorical, or Union Sixth Reader; Sanders, author.

PREAM, (Kingston, N. Y.)—It is against our rules to publish trade firms in this column. Send an addressed postal, and we will give you the desired information.

ITASKA, (Fall River, Mass.)—We have known the term "The Man Without a Country" applied to both Benedict Arnold and Jefferson Davis. 2. We have no doubt of it.

E. D. F., (Wilmington, Del.)—On half-dollars of 1853 there is a premium of $2 to $3, according to condition. There is none on those of 1861. Address E. Mason, Jr., 142 N. Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BETTIE, (Gadsden, Tenn.)—You will have to pay the full subscription—$2.00. 2. We have no means just now of ascertaining, but believe they are twenty-seven in number.

W. E. H., (Rush, Ind.)—Write to Claxton & Co., this city, about the book. 2. Your best plan would be to consult a lawyer. 3. As far as we know, they are entirely reliable. 4. The trial is not yet concluded.

JACK, (Stenewson, Ala.)—The only place to study to be an oculist is in a reputable college or under a good physician. The medical colleges of this city offer such instruction. But we have no doubt by inquiry you might find the necessary means nearer home.

WHITE ROSE, (Memphis, Tenn.)—Either plan is good, but we think it would be better to mention your name, and ask for the member of the family on whom you called. This amount to the same as the introduction contemplated, and avoids the necessity of the card, which might under such circumstances work awkwardly.

OLD VISITOR, (Leavenworth, Kans.)—There is little left of the great Centennial Exposition of 1876 in this city. The buildings and objects of interest that were left after the first closing on November 10, 1876, have gradually disappeared, until there is now but a few State buildings and statues left standing. 2. The Main Building was purchased by a gentleman of Pittsburg for $20,000.

GRETCHEN would like some of our readers to tell her how to remove spots from black silk without injuring the material. Some four yards of new silk, which had been kept rolled up on the stick and wrapped in paper, seem to be spotted nearly the whole length. Said spots are of a bluish white; she thinks it must partake of the nature of mildew, though she does not know of its being exposed to dampness.

PUZZLED, (Jonesboro', Ark.)—This correspondent wants to know if it is possible to take the ten figures—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9—and add them together in such a manner as to make them foot subject to the following rules: Use each figure once and only once and use the 0 in any way necessary, but always in a line with the others. He says he has tried it dozens of times without success. If any of our readers succeed any better, and send us the result, we will publish it. 2. In the expression the word "rations" means so many quantities. One ration may be made up of four or five different kinds of food.

N. S., (Carthage, Mo.)—In plain terms, we think the man is a scoundrel, who would be in his proper place in jail. His conduct is brutal in the extreme. He cannot possibly have the slightest love or even respect for his wife. It would seem as though he wanted to worry her into the grave, that he and his sisters might enjoy her property. We do not approve of harsh measures, but if there ever was a case where a woman was justified in leaving a husband, it is this. Has the wife no relatives, friends, or minister to confer with? If such additional misery is here, she has sufficient means to consult a lawyer, and this we would advise.

R. T. G., (Brunswick, Me.)—The better plan would be for him to open the house-door and hold it for his friends to enter. He will do the same with the room-door, unless it be open. In that case, he will enter first. 2. It depends upon which side the greater number of walkers pass. The object of the rule is to prevent the lady being jostled by pedestrians. If this can be best secured by giving her the inside, do so; if the outside, that is the side on which she should walk, unless some special circumstance interferes. 3. The same rule, as far as we understand you, applies here. 4. Yes. 5. Your handwriting would stand almost any amount of improvement without suffering in the least.

INQUIRER.—1. All the principal colleges of the United States teach literature and the classics. Harvard and Yale are the most famous and prominent. 2. We do not understand about "bound children in England." 3. Zeuxis and Apelles were among the most noted painters, and Phidias and Praxitiles the most celebrated sculptors of antiquity. A good classical dictionary or History of Greece will give you particulars of them, which you will find very interesting. 4. "Morituri salutamus" is Latin, and means, "We who are about to die, salute (thee.)" It is associated with the gladiatorial combats in the ancient Roman arena, where those who were about to fight for the amusement of the court and people, in passing the Cæsar's seat addressed him in those words.

ZOE E., (Parkersburg, Neb.)—1. If you mean after having quarreled, the one in the wrong should speak first. If this rather difficult matter cannot be settled, the most loving, forgiving and best-natured should do it. If you mean when meeting in the street, the recognition should generally come from the lady. The gentleman is introduced to the lady, the younger to the older. A bow is sufficient; in fact it is preferable to anything else under the circumstances. 2. The most straightforward way possible without hurting his feelings. If you have other escort you may so; if he is generally objectionable, simply thank him and say you have made other arrangements. In accepting, thank him and say that it will give you pleasure to have his company. If you are unable to say this truthfully, stop with the thanks. 4. You are to say nothing, but show by your manner of disposing of the "treat," how much you appreciate the attention. 5. There is no danger of our thinking you a "fool." If the term could ever be deserved by anyone, it would be when they were ignorant and from false shame were afraid to ask for information. We are always glad to hear from our readers, and help them all in our power. 6. You failed to give your age, so we cannot say whether you are too young or not to be engaged.